Looking-Glass
FOR
CHILDREN

BEING

A Narrative of GOD's gracious Dealings with some little Children, recollected by *Henry Jessey*, in his Life-time.

Together with sundry seasonable Lessons and Instructions to Youth, calling them early to *Remember their Creator*.

Written by *Abraham Chear*, late of [illegible]

The Fourth Edition, Enlarged.

To which is added many other Poetical [illegible] table; as also some Elegies on [illegible] Friends, made by the said *Abraham Chear*, all now faithfully gathered together, for the Benefit of Young and Old, by H. A.

Psal. 66. 16. *Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my Soul.* Deut. 31, 19. *Now therefore write this Song for you, and teach it the Children of Israel; put it in their mouths, that this Song may be a witness for me.*

London, Printed for [illegible] and Sold by J. Marshall.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Reader.

THou haſt here (gentle Readeer) brought to thy view, in the firſt part of this Book, a Narrative of the Gracious Dealings of God with ſeveral Children, and what they gained in an early looking Heavenward, in which thou mayeſt ſee and behold the condeſcention of the Lord to ſuch little Ones, in opening their underſtanding, and giving them a ſight and ſenſe of their undone eſtate by nature, from whence they were made to ſeek and enquire after a Saviour, and by Grace helped to apply and improve his gracious Calls and Invitations to a full Satisfaction in, and by Faith a cleaving to His undertakings, as the alone way and means to Salvation, to their great comfort here, and firm hope of glory hereafter. All which was wonderfully effected, to the praiſe of the free Grace of God, and admiration of Relations and beholders; and now preſented to thee, being firſt written by that faithful Servant of the

Lord, Mr. Henry Jeſſey; *who in his life-time gave it me to tranſcribe, in order for the then Printing: But it being ſmall, I waited to have ſomewhat to adjoyn to it, which Providence hath lately brought to my hand, as that which is worthy of publication, being the Fruit of ſome idle-hours of that Servant of the Lord Mr.* Abraham Chear, *whilſt in bonds for the truth of Chriſt; wherein he expreſſe. his well-wiſhes to the Souls of divers poo Children, towards whom he then ſtood nearl related, and dearly affected, as by the ſecon Part hereof you may largely ſee: and if helped of God to make improvement of it, ſo as carefully to mind, and heedfully to walk in the practice of what is ſeaſonably adviſed in the ſaid Diſcourſe, you will have great cauſe to bleſs the Lord for ſuch endeavours, now publiſhed for your profit and advantage.*

The Motive provoking me thus to recollect this little Book, is chiefly from conſideration of my daily obſervation of Youths great need of all endeavours to prompt them to that which is good, they being naturally addicted to be drawn away through their own inclinations, and the powerful prevalency of Satan to ſin *and* diſobedience; *by which they wrong their precious Souls,* Prov. 8. 36. *thereby incurring God's diſpleaſure t he daily hardening their hearts from hi*

fear,

fear, and following the ſins and pleaſures of this vain World, until they are prepared as Veſſels of Wrath fitted for Deſtruction and Perdition; which is the certain effect of Sin, *ruling and reigning without reſtraint in the hearts of the Children of Diſobedience,* Col. 3. 6. *Which evil and judgment may be timely prevented, by hearkning to God's Call,* Prov. 9. 6. *ſeeking and ſerving him betimes,* Prov. 8. 17. *believing his Word, avoiding evil company,* Prov. 4. 15, 16. *ſlighting the allurements of preſent pleaſure, and the ſinful delights of the fleſh, and by making good-men examples to walk after,* Prov. 2. 20. Heb. 6. 12. 2 Chron. 29. 2. *and therein eſteeming and highly prizing the excellency of the Lord Jeſus, in all his glorious undertakings for poor ſinners,* Phil. 3. 8. *cleaving to his Righteouſneſs only for Juſtification and Salvation,* 1 Cor. 1. 30. *Which Mercy is greatly deſired may accompany the Reader of this little Piece, whereby he may ſay it was worth peruſing, for that by it the Lord made him to conſider his latter end, and remember him in the day of his youth, ſo as to make his Calling and Election ſure, as did theſe pretty Children. That being my aim and end in the publiſhing hereof, I ſhall daily wait for its ſucceſs, and remain yours,*

In true deſires after your

Eternal happineſs. H. P.

So little Book, *and speak for them that be*
...ch'd with great safety to Eternity;
Engaging others, *by what* they *did find,*
Their everlasting Peace chiefly to mind.
Their names are blest, and had in memory;
They served God, and thence in peace did die.

All you that read, be earnest to obtain
True faith in Christ, which will be lasting gain.
And if, while young, God do his Work begin
Upon your Soul, take heed, beware of sin;
It will prove to your Crown another day,
To cleave to Righteousness, whilst yet you may.
Proceed in fear, in love, with true delight,
Unto the Lord, to serve him with your might.
To serve the Lessons given by Abram Chear,
That they your Soul may unto Christ endear.
Such things are good, if well improved be,
Both by experience, with Soul-harmony.
The Truths therein inserted make your own,
By practice in true love to Christ alone:
Mind chiefly now your everlasting Rest,
That in compare with all things is the best.
Love God, and fear him in sincerity,
So shall you praise him to eternity.

London, 12th Month, ...th day, 1672. H. P.

Of hopeful young Children, (the great joy of their Parents,) remembring their Creator in the dayes of their Youth; Being trained up in the Holy Scriptures from their Infancy.

First, Of Mary Warren, *Born in* May 1651, *Aged Ten years in* May 1661.

WHen this Child was about five or six years old, she had a new plain Tammy Coat; and when she was made ready, was to be carried with other Children into *Moresfields*. But having looked upon her Coat, how fine it was, she presently

ſate down, her tears running down her eyes, ſhe wept ſeriouſly by her ſelf; Her Mother ſeeing it, ſaid to her, How now? Are you not well? What's the matter that you weep? The Child anſwered, *Yes, I am well but I would I had not been made ready, for I am afraid my fine Cloathes will caſt me down to Hell.* Her Mother ſaid, It's not our Cloaths, but wicked Hearts that hurt us, She anſwered, *Aye Mother, fine Cloathes make our hearts proud.*

The Scriptures being daily read in the Houſe, when one had read *Luke* 10. ſhe ſaid to heart the end of the Chapter, how *Mary ſate at Chriſts feet and heard him: And* Martha *complained*; *and* Jeſus *ſaid*, Martha, Martha, *Thou art careful, and cumbred about many things; but one thing is needful*, Mary *hath choſen that good part that ſhall not be taken from her.* Hearing this, the tears ran down, and ſhe wept ſore. Being asked the cauſe, ſhe ſaid, *I am not like this good* Mary, *I know not that one thing needful.* Thus tender was her heart at that Age.

In *February* 1659.

The Night after General *Monk* had ſent his Letter to the Parliament to put an end to

to their ſitting by ſuch a time; Bonefire being made the night following all over *London*, and ſome before her Fathers door: When ſome went down to ſee them, this Child would not: But going to the Window, and looking out, hearing ſuch roaring and rantings in the burning of Rumps, and drinking of Healths there; ſhe came back, and the tears running down her cheeks, ſhe ſaid thus, *Here's a deal of wicked joy, they know not but they may be dead before the morning; methinks I ſee our ſins fly up to Heaven as faſt as the ſparks fly upward.*

This that next follows, was written about October 28. 1661.

It being 24 days now that ſhe had taken nothing but Water, with a little Sugar, till *Tueſday* laſt; and ever ſince that, ſhe will not take it with Sugar, but Water only, without crying out, (her ſpeech being of late taken from her) and that by forcing it into her by a Syringe, ſhe having an Impoſthume in her ſtomach, as it appeared afterwards, not taking Food at all ſeveral days.

What

What next follows was written by her Father, on Friday night, Octob. 4. 1661.

She ſent for me to ſpeak with me; and when I came, asked her what ſhe would have with me: She anſwered, *I have but a ſhort time to live, I pray you be loving to my poor Mother.* Afterwards he ſpeaking of loving her, ſhe ſaid, *I pray manifeſt your love to my poor Mother.* Her Mother asked her if ſhe were willing to die? ſhe anſwered, *Ay, very willing, for then I ſhall ſin no more, for I know that Chriſt's Blood hath made ſatisfaction for my ſins.* I asked her, if I ſhould go down? She anſwered, *I have done with you now, you may if you pleaſe.*

Next night, *Octob.* the 5*th*, her Mother going ſoftly to the Chamber-door, ſhe heard her ſpeaking alone, and ſhe liſtned, and heard her ſay thus, *Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly, and relieve thy poor Creature of all my pains.*

On the Lords Day, (*Octob.* 6.) ſhe ſaid thus, *Here is nothing here but ſin, I am willing to die, but either to live or to die, which the Lord pleaſeth, his Will be done, and not mine, whether I will or no.*

On Tuſday at night, Octob. 8.

Seeing her Mother weeping, ſhe ſaid, *Mother, Do not weep for me, but leave me to the Lord, and let him do with me what he pleaſeth.* And then claſping her Arms about her Mothers Neck, her Mother ſaid, Thou embraceſt me, but I truſt thou art going to the embracings of the Lord Jeſus: She anſwered, *Mother, I know it, that when I go from hence, I ſhall go into health and happineſs, or elſe I ſhould not undergo all my pains with ſo much patience,* (ſhe having been in very great pain, having an Impoſthume in her Stomach.) One day when Nurſe came to ſee her young Siſter *Sarah*, her Siſter *Ann* being with her, ſhe ſaid to her ſiſter, *Go, ſee Nurſe:* Her Siſter ſaid, She was loth to leave her alone: She anſwered, *I am not alone, for the Lord is with me*; as it is in *John*, *I am not alone, for the Father is with me.* She feeling a ſore pain in her ſide, her Mother ſaid, ſhe would apply ſomething to it. She anſwered, *No, the Lord Jeſus hath undergone a great deal more for me.*

More

More Expressions of Mary Warren.

She having been very ill and speechless for some days, her Father had desired Mr. *John Simpson*, and Mr. *Palmer*, late of *Glocestershire*, and Mr. *Jessey*, to come to his House, and pray for his sick and much-pained Daughter.

On Friday *Novemb.* 8. 1661. these met then, and sought the Lord earnestly on her behalf, her Father having first declared to them his Daughters afflicted Condition; and the more to affect them therewith, he there read to them, what he had formerly written of her *gracious Expressions*, (those before recited) from *Octob.* 4. 1661. there being present also Mr. *Greensmith* and his Wife; also that grave Matron Mrs. *Adkins*, a Ministers Widow, with divers other Christian Friends.

That relation the more affecting their hearts to pray for her; After these and another Minister had prayed for her, and were gone, in hopes the Lord would some way return a gracious Answer, though they could see nothing at their departure: pleased the Lord, the Evening following to open her Mouth, that had been speechless for many days; then she spake

to the Maid to call her Mother, and when she came, she said thus;

Pray you Mother, take off these Playsters for I would not have them; I would have no Doctors, or Apothecaries, for God shall be my Physician, and he will heal me: If I could have spoken before these Playsters were a laying on, I would not have had them laid on. If my Speech should be taken away again, do not trouble me with any more things, for the Lord hath fed me with the Food of Righteousness and Gladness.

Sometimes when you laid Victuals upon a Trencher, I snatcht it away; I would not destroy Gods good Creatures, when I am in my fits: If any thing lie on the Cloth before me, take it away. Though you take Water to wash my mouth, there is none goeth down, for I have no nourishment by any thing but God, no more than by this Rag, (taking one in her hand.)

I do not value the things of this World no more than dirt. Her Mother had told one, that she thought her Daughter had assaults of Satan, she once looked very gashly: And now her Daughter said thus; *Once I think I looked gashfully, and turned my head on one side and on the other; Satan stood upon my left side, and God was upon my right side, and opened the Gates of Heaven for me;*

and he told me, Satan ſhould not hurt me; though he ſought to devour me like a roaring Lion.

Something being burning, that gave her offence, ſhe ſaid, *I perceive you burn ſomething; but do not trouble me, for I cannot ſmell. I am very ſore, from the crown of my head to the ſole of my foot; but I am ſo full of comfort and joy, that I do feel but little of my pain; I do not know whether I ſhall live or die; but whether I live or die, it will be well for me; I am not in trouble for my ſins, God is ſatisfied with his Son Jeſus Chriſt, for he hath waſht them away with his Blood.*

Another time when ſhe had been ſpeechleſs, and began to ſpeak, ſhe ſaid, *I have been ſo full of joy and gladneſs, when I was ſilent; I am not able to expreſs it.*

When her Mother ſyringed her Mouth with water, ſhe ſaid, ſhe could not reliſh it, but deſired to try a Syringe of Beer; which when ſhe had, ſhe ſaid, *It reliſhed worſe than the Water:* then ſhe deſired a Syringe of Milk; which when ſhe had it, ſhe ſaid, *I cannot reliſh any thing: But* (ſaid ſhe) *I will wait upon the Lord to ſee what he will provide for me.*

Then her Siſter ſtanding by, ſhe ſaid, Siſter *Betty*, *and* Siſter *Ann*, *be ſure you*

firſ

firſt Work be in the morning to ſeek the Lord by Prayer, and likewiſe in the evening; and give thanks for your Food: for you cannot pray too often to the Lord; and though you cannot ſpeak ſuch words as others have, yet the Lord will accept of the heart: for you do not know how ſoon your ſpeech may be taken away as mine was.

She deſired her Mother, thus; *Do not let too much company be here late at night, leſt it ſhould hinder them from ſeeking the Lord in duty at home.*

She ſaid further, *When I was firſt ill, and went about the Houſe, I was not under trouble for my ſins at all, neither am I now troubled with Satans temptations, for the Lord hath trampled him under his feet.*

She ſaid alſo, *When I can hear or underſtand, I well tell ſome body, that they may come and read by me, for I love to hear the Word of God read to me,* (for then ſhe could not hear).

Another time.

She ſpake to the Maid to call her Mother, ſaying, *I have ſomething to ſay to her*; and when her Mother came, ſhe ſaid, *If my ſpeech be taken away, and ſhould be a great while ſo, that then I may have no Doctor, Apothecary, or Chirurgeon come at me; and that*

I may not have any more Physick given to me: and be sure to take notice of my words, for they look more at the Physick than at the Power of God; and if you suffer them to give me any more things, the Lord will be angry with you, and will bring a greater affliction upon you in some of my other Sisters. I know the Lord can open the passage of my Throat in a moment, and cause me to take food; or, he may let me lie a great while in this condition; As for washing my mouth with Water, I find no more, but only to wash the Phlegm.

But I am fed with the Bread of Life, that I shall never hunger; and do drink of the Water of Life, that I shall never thirst more.

I know not whether I shall live or die, but if I die, and if you will have a Sermon, I desire this may be the Text; the place I do not know, but the words may be comfortable to you; That *David*, when his Child was sick, he cloathed himself in Sackcloth, and wept; but when his Child was dead, he washed and eat Bread: *For you have wept much, while I have been sick; and if I die, you have cause to rejoyce.*

She said, *My Soul also was so full of comfort, that I would have spoken much more:* But her speech being almost gone

She

ſhe ſaid, *If it pleaſe the Lord that I might have my hearing and my ſpeech, (which would be a great miracle) I ſhould ſpeak much more.*

Novemb. 10. on the Lord's Day, ſhe ſaid as follows; When her Mother had ſyring'd ſeveral things into her mouth; as firſt Water, which ſhe not reliſhing, then Water and Vinegar, then Vinegar and Sugar, then Milk, and none did reliſh with her, ſhe ſaid, *Here is but a little comfort in theſe; my comfort is in the Lord, There is comfort indeed: though we may ſeek comfort here, and the glory of this World, yet, what is all that? all will be nothing, when we come to lie upon a Death-Bed, then we would fain have the love of God, and cannot get it; I am full of comfort and joy. Though the Lord is pleaſed to let me lie under many pains, yet he knoweth what is beſt for his Children; he hath enabled me, and will enable me to bear them; and though he ſhould lay a hundred times more upon me, yet will I wait upon him, for he is my ſtay, and the hope of my Salvation: My pains are nothing to the pains of Hell, where they will never be at an end. And Chriſt he ſuffered a great deal more for me then all this is; he was bruiſed, buffeted, and ſpit upon; and they platted a Crown of Thorns and put upon his Head, and gave*

him Vinegar to drink: But I have ſeveral things to take, though I cannot reliſh them. And they came out againſt Chriſt with Swords and Staves, and Chriſt did not open his mouth againſt them; but rebukes Peter for cutting the high Prieſts Servants ear, and bid him put up his Sword into the Scabbard, and ſaid, Shall not I drink of the Cup that my Father hath prepared for me? Though my pains are very great, yet I am full of joy and comfort: I was very full of comfort before, but I am fuller of joy this hour than I have been yet. It is better to live Lazarus's life, and to die Lazarus's death, than to live Dives his life; he had delicates, and afterwards would have been glad to have had Lazarus dip his finger in water and cool his tongue.

Though the Lord give Satan power over my Body, yet he hath promiſed he ſhall not hurt my Soul. The Devil could not go into the Herd of Swine till Chriſt had given him leave: And though he ſtood at my left hand, and ſaid, I am in filthy rags, yet the Lord ſtands at my right hand, and ſaith, I am but a fire-brand newly plucked out of the fire, and he will put on me his Robes of Righteouſneſs.

The laſt night I could not ſtir my Head, Hand, nor Foot, but by and by the Lord did help

help me to move my Head a little, and at length my Body.

O what a good God have I, that can caſt down and raiſe up in a moment! But here is only looking at the Phyſician; as many, when they have been ſick and well again, they ſay, Such a Phyſician, and ſuch a Phyſician hath cured them, and they neglect looking up to the Lord.

It is true, the Lord doth appoint the means to make uſe of, but nothing will do us good, except he give a bleſſing to it. O that we had Faith as that Woman had, that had ſpent all upon Phyſicians, who did her no good; and then came and touch'd the Hem of Chriſts Garment; and when Chriſt felt vertue go out of him, he asked his Diſciples, who touched him? then ſhe trembled, but Chriſt ſaid, Riſe up Daughter, thy Faith hath made thee whole.

Of

Of the Expreſſions of an hopeful Child, the daughter of Mr. Edward Scarfield, *that was but eleven years of Age in* March, 1661. *Gathered from a Letter written by one fearing God, that lived in the Houſe with the Child.*

IN *Auguſt* laſt, this Child was ſick of a Feaver; in which time, ſhe ſaid to her Father, (who is a holy, humble precious man,) *I am afraid, I am not prepared to die*; and fell under much trouble of Spirit, being ſenſible, not only of actual ſins, but of her loſt eſtate without Chriſt, in unbelief, (as *Epheſ.* 2. 12. *John* 16. 8, 9.) and ſhe wept bitterly, crying out thus, *My ſins are greater than I can bear, I doubt God will not forgive them:* telling her Father, *I am in unbelief, and I cannot believe:* Yet ſhe was drawn out to pray many times in thoſe words of *Pſal.* 25. *For thy names ſake, O Lord, pardon my ſin, for it is great.* Thus ſhe lay oft mourning for ſin, and ſaid, *I had rather have Chriſt than health.* She would

repeat many promiſes of God's Mercy and Grace, but ſaid, ſhe could not believe.

When ſhe had been complaining, that ſhe was not prepared; her Father opening the Bible, his eyes firſt fixed upon theſe words, (in *Pſal.* 10. 17.) *Lord, thou wilt prepare the heart, thou wilt cauſe thine ear to hear*; and he bid her take notice of the Lord's providence therein, ordering the opening of the Book, and his eyes to pitch on theſe words. The next day, when ſhe was mourning for ſin, he opening it again, his eyes fixed on thoſe words in *Matth.* 5. *Bleſſed are they that mourn, for they ſhall be comforted.* He bid her obſerve that Providence alſo. But as yet her time was not come, and ſhe ſtill mourned under her unbelief.

The next day, being then the 24*th* of the 6*th* month 1661. he praying that morning with his godly Family, (as his uſual way hath been for many years to pray with them, and read the Scriptures, or catechiſe them daily morning and evening); Behold and ſee what gracious encouragement the Lord gave him in his Service, as he was praying to this effect, (*That we might not look for any thing in us to reſt in, or truſt unto for our juſtification to ſtand righteous before God; but onely in Jeſus Chriſt alone,*

who

who died for our ſins at Jeruſalem, *and ro*
again for our juſtification.) Whilſt he wa
praying to that effect, the Lord raiſed he
Soul up to believe; as ſhe told her Fathe
when Prayer was ended, *Now I believe i*
Chriſt, and I am not afraid of Death.

After this, ſhe ſaid, *I had rather die tha*
ſin againſt God. Since that time ſhe hat
continued quiet in mind, as one that hat
peace with God.

As for this young Child, I have bee
comforted in ſeeing her, and hearing he
anſwer ſome Queſtions propounded to he
five years ago.

Her Father ſaith, that ſince ſhe was fiv
years old, he remembred not that either
Lie, or an Oath, hath ever come out o
her mouth; neither would ſhe have wrong
ed any to the value of a Pin.

Henry Jeſſe

Here ends the firſt Part.

He

Here follows now ſome of the Fruits of Mr. *Abraham Chear*'s ſpare hours improvement, whilſt a Priſoner: Made and directed to ſome he was nearly related to, and dearly affected.

Remember now thy Creator in the dayes of thy Youth.

1.

Sweet Children, Wiſdom you invites,
to hearken to her Voice;
he offers to you rare delights,
moſt worthy of your choice.
ternal bleſſings in his wayes,
you ſhall be ſure to find;
h! therefore in your youthful dayes,
your great Creator mind.

2.

he joys that other pleaſure brings,
with vanities abound:
ay, when in ſtraits they take them wings,
Vexations they are found.

Your

Your very Vitals thus decayes,
and torments leave behind:
Oh! therefore in your youthful days,
your Great Creator mind.

3.

They may affect depraved ſenſe
while they ſubject your Reaſon;
They ſay, to conſcience, Get you hence,
and ſear it for a ſeaſon.
But though a kind of ſottiſh eaſe,
you hereby ſeem to find.
I beg you in your youthful dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

4.

The dreadful danger heed I pray,
of ſuch ſtrange wayes at length;
When you have ſin'd your time away,
and waſted all your ſtrength;
Be ſure in chains of darkneſs, theſe
your hands and feet will bind:
Oh! therefore in your youthful days,
your Great Creator mind.

5.

Obſerve how Poor and mortal men,
their precious ſeaſons ſpend,
To ſatisfie thoſe luſts, but then
muſt periſh in the end.
This ſaving-Counſel, would you pleaſe
upon your heart to bind:
Oh! in your early youthful days,
your Great Creator mind.

6.

Upon a World, vain, toyſom, foul,
a journey now you enter:
The welfare of your living ſoul,
you dang'rouſly adventure,
If as the iſſue of your wayes,
you've happineſs deſign'd:
Oh! in your early youthful days

Friends, Parents, all who you affect,
observe your budding spring;
Your prosperous Summer they expect
a fruitful Crop will bring:
A witness in this Age to raise,
to Grace of every kind:
Oh! then in these your youthful dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

8.

Young *Isaac's*, who lift up their eyes,
and meditate in Fields;
Young *Jacob's* who the Blessing prize,
this Age but seldom yields.
Few *Samuel's* leaving their playes,
to Temple Work resign'd:
Few do, as these, in youthful dayes,
their great Creator mind.

9.

How precious *Obadiah's* be,
that feared God in youth;
How seldom *Timothy's* we see,
verst in the Word of Truth!
Few babes and Sucklings publish praise,
th' Avengers Rage to bind.
Oh! then in these your youthful dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

10.

Few tender-hearted Youths, as was
Josiah, Judah's King,
Hosannah in the high'st (alas)
how seldom Children Sing?
Youth's rarely ask for *Zion's* wayes,
they'd rather pleasure find:
But oh! in these your youthful dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

11.

What Children Pulse and Water chuse,
continually to eat;

Rather then Conſcience ſhould accuſe,
for taſting Royal Meat?
Would you not bow, a King to pleaſe,
though tortures were behind?
Oh! then in theſe your youthful dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

12.

Thoſe worthy Mirrors of their Age,
obtain'd a precious Name;
Their living Pattern ſhould engage
your ſouls to do the ſame.
And though in this ſtrait narrow way,
you few Companions find;
The rather in your youthful day,
your Great Creator mind.

13.

How worthy Chriſt is, could you learn,
to claim your Flower and Prime;
And how well pleaſing 'tis, diſcern
to dedicate your time:
You pleaſantly would make eſſayes,
to get your Souls enclin'd,
And gladly in your youthful dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

14.

This Garland wreath'd of youthful flowers
to Jeſus you would bring:
This Morn made up of golden Hours,
You would preſent the King.
You'd humbly bow without delayes,
Grace in his ſight to find;
And gladly now, and all your dayes,
your Great Dreator mind.

More of Mr. Chear's *Verſes,*
Written to a young Virgin, Anno 1663.

Sweet Child, *When I bethink what need there is of Ca*
For precious ſouls to ſave themſelves from ſnare;

T

That Satan, as a subtile Fowler, layes
To take and keep them captive all their dayes:
In youthful folly, and in sensual rest,
To keep them off from being truly blest:
What strange devices he hath to expel
Their thoughts of Judgment, Death, of Heaven, or Hell;
And minding what engagements on me lie,
To you and others, Christ to testifie:
This Song, I thought, you now and then might sing
If God would follow it, to mind to bring
Your state by Nature, and the Gospel-Path,
To set you free from everlasting Wrath.
If morn by morn you in this Glass will dress you,
I have some hopes that God by it may bless you.

WHen by Spectators I am told,
what Beauty doth adorn me:
Or in a Glass, when I behold,
how sweetly God did form me.
Hath God such comliness display'd
and on me made to dwell?
'Tis pitty, such a pretty Maid,
as I, should go to Hell.

2.

When all my Members I compare,
form'd by my Maker's hand;
In what sweet order, strait and fair,
each part together stand:
How in the use of these might I,
in Virtue's Walks excell.
'Tis pitty, when I come to die
all these should go to Hell.

3.

Doth God my Ornaments provide
of soft and good aray;
The which this Age converts to pride,
I am as vain as they.
But when the thoughts of Pride intice,
such temptings I should quell;

By ſerious heeding this advice,
I muſt take heed of Hell.

4.

If Parents induſtry and care,
ſhould by the Lord be bleſt,
That they large Portions could prepare,
for me and all the reſt:
Though many Suitors this invites,
my Fortunes might excell:
What would become of theſe delights,
if I ſhould go to Hell?

5.

Should Wiſdom, Breeding, Parts conſpire,
my ſpreading fame to raiſe:
Should Courtly Ladies me admire,
and my perfections praiſe.
Though for Endowments, rare and high,
from all I bear the Bell:
What would thoſe toys avail, if I
at length be lodg'd in Hell?

6.

If to ſeek Pleaſures, Paſtimes, Sports,
My fancy ſhould be bent;
Which City, Countrey, Town, or Court,
to pleaſe me can invent:
Though thus to ſatisfie my luſt,
with greedineſs I fell;
By weeping-Croſs, return I muſt
or elſe go quick to Hell.

7.

Doth Beauty ſuch corruption hide?
is comlineſs a bait?
Do coſtly Garments nouriſh pride?
hath Treaſure ſuch deceit?
Do compliments breed vanity?
doth pleaſure Grace expel?
How little reaſon then have I
for theſe to go to Hell?

'Tis time I should without delayes,
my future state bethink;
Through God's forbearance, at my dayes
of ignorance did wink.
Repentance he doth now expect,
and learning to do well;
For plainly he doth this detect;
this broad way leads to Hell.

9.

To chuse the new and living way,
the Gospel doth beseech me;
The heart of Jesus, day by day,
is open'd to enrich me,
The tenders of New-Cov'nant Grace,
would sin and guilt expel;
The promis'd Spirit would me place,
safe from the lowest Hell.

10.

Would Christ my Spirit lead along,
these tenders to embrace,
I should have matter for a Song,
to praise his Glorious Grace.
How first of goodness I was seiz'd
from what a state I fell;
To what a glory God hath rais'd,
a Fire-brand pluckt from Hell!

To my Cousin *T. H.* at School.

KInd Kinsman! Compliments apart,
Yet love expresst, with all my heart;
While I bethought what way was best,
To gratifie a strong requeſt;
And how to reach the proper end,
That was assign'd me by a Friend;
That I would write a serious Line,
Your tender Spirit to incline,
If possibly, from wanton things,
Which do carry poysoned stings,

And kindly to attract your eye,
From vanity to things on high:
My thoughts to Meetre were inclin'd,
As thinking on a Scholars mind,
It might at first with fansie take,
And after deep impressions make:
Which (Oh!) if God would but inspire,
Convince of folly, raise desire;
Discover Beauty, kindle Love,
Fix your delight on things above;
These weak endeavours then may stand,
As Christ's remembrancers at hand.
To warn you, Folly to avoid,
Which hath such multitudes destroy'd;
And thence your nobler part incline,
To Meditations more Divine;
Which have a faculty to raise,
Immortal Souls to frames of praise.
By means of which, when you obtain,
Your spirit in a serious Strain;
When vanity hath least respect,
And thoughts are fittest to reflect;
Then from your Treasure you may bring,
This brief Soliloquie, and Sing.

COme Soul! let you and I
A few discourses haye:
Shall we bethink, how near the brink
We border of the Grave?
Shall we surveigh our time,
How vainly it is spent;
How youthful dayes consume in wayes,
Which Age must needs repent?
The things which others please;
What profit do they merit?
What are the Toyes, of wanton Boyes,
To an immortal Spirit?
How will our Reckoning pass,
Of Pastime, Pleasure, Play,

When every thought and Deed is brought
Unto the Judgment Day?
Would not our time and strength,
Be better far imploy'd,
If every thought, were thus wrought,
How Christ may be injoy'd?
Should not a young man's way,
Be ordered by the word?
Should not his mind, be still inclin'd,
To know and fear the Lord?
If we behold our Frame,
Our Parts and Powers compare;
Sure, God intends some glorious ends,
To form a piece so rare.

A Letter sent to a Friend's Child.

Sweet Child, I pray you, think not long,
E're I have sent my Prison-Song;
To turn, after a godly sort,
Your tongue, and thoughts, from sinful sport.
Pray let it frequently be brought,
With holy fear upon your thought;
And when indeed your Soul is bent
On things that are most permanent.
When least to foolish mirth inclin'd,
Then from the treasure of your mind,
This serious Song, you forth may bring,
With Gospel-Melody, and sing,

LOrd what a Worm am I?
what could'st thou her espie?
That ever thou, should'st humbly bow,
On me to cast an eye?
What kind of love is this?
What reason can it have?
Shall God through Grace, himself abase,
So vile a Wretch to save;

How strangely was I made?
How curiously adorn'd?
I was at first, an heap of dust,
Which sin hath quite deform'd.

My Matter, Earth and Clay,
Form'd by a Power Divine:
Sure, God would hide, all cause of pride,
From every thought of mine.

My Childish thoughts would cease,
On vanity to stay,
Could I bethink, I'm on the brink
Of danger day by day.

Temptations lead to sin;
Sin doth of good bereave me:
Cloathes, Beauty, Strength, and Life at Length
Are all at hand to leave me.

Why then should gay attire,
Yield so much food to pride?
What glory's in a beauteous skin,
That so much filth doth hide?

Why should the fond delights
Of Parents puff me up?
Such boundless love, doth often prove,
To both a bitter Cup.

Why should the highest joys
Of Sin Subject my reason?
The sinful Sports of Princes Courts,
Last only for a season.

Lord, let my Soul be rais'd,
And all its powers incline,
On Eagles Wings, to follow things,
that are indeed Divine.

Those depths that from the wise
'Tou pleasest to conceal;
Mysterious things, obscur'd from Kings,
To me a Babe reveal.

That

That from an Infants Mouth,
A Sucklings Lips inſpir'd;
Thy glorious Name, may purchaſe fame,
And Chriſt be more admir'd.

Let me thy Beauty ſee,
Thy Countenance behold;
Thy Rayes of Grace, fixt in my face;
More rich than Maſſy Gold.

Let Royal Robes of Praiſe,
And Righteouſneſs adorn me,
Which may me bring, before the King,
However Mortals ſcorn me.

Let Treaſure of thy Grace,
A Portion rich endow me;
In laſting Bags, though here in Rags,
Men ſcarce a bit allow me.

If Comelineſs I want,
Thy Beauty may I have;
I ſhall be fair, beyond compare,
Though cripled to my Grave.

And if above it all,
To Chriſt I married be;
My living Springs, Oh King of Kings,
Will ſtill run freſh in thee.

Upon a Bible ſent as a Token to a Virgin, where-in the Worth of the holy Scripture is minded.

WHile I was muſing what was beſt,
unto your hands to ſend;
That of your Souls eternal reſt,
my care I might commend:
The Holy Scriptures I bethought,
oft tendring to your heart,
That your affections might be brought,
to chuſe the better part.

There

There you may read what guilt of sin
into the World you brought;
And since that filthiness hath bin,
in Word, in Deed, in Thought:
How God's long-suffering, sins have prest,
as Sheaves do press a Cart;
And nothing else can make you blest,
but *Mary*'s better part.

That God hath holy jealous eyes,
the Scriptures do unfold;
By which heart-secrets he espies,
yet cannot sin behold.
Through shades of Death, and darkest night,
these piercing Beams do dart;
He looks on nothing with delight,
but on that better part.

With flaming fire you also read,
a Judgment Day design'd,
Where every idle Thought and Deed,
must righteous Sentence find.
There Kings stand naked, Death hath hurld
their Robes and Crowns apart;
Then, but too late, they'l give the World
for *Mary*'s better Part.

Then to have Jesus Christ ones own,
will be admired Grace;
To stand with boldness at the Throne,
and see the Father's Face.
To sit on Thrones, when Christ shall say,
Ye wicked ones depart.
But come ye blessed in my day,
ye chose the better part.

The tenders of his Grace so rich,
here Jesus doth display,
He scarlet-sinners doth beseech,
his Gospel to obey:

To let ſin fettered Captives free,
and heal the broken heart;
He begs them on the bended knee,
to chuſe the better part.

Deep Myſt'ries of eternal Love,
hid from the Saints of old;
To Babes and Sucklings from Above,
theſe Scriptures do unfold:
Not in the words of frothy Wits,
or humane terms of Art;
But ſuch ſimplicity as fits,
the Spirit's better part.

The glory of the Father's Face,
the burning Law declares:
The beauty of Chriſt's precious Grace,
the Goſpel here prepares.
Both Grace and Glory here unite,
to heal ſins deadly ſmart,
The Spirit, and the Bride invite,
to chuſe this better part.

The bleſſed Truths diſplay'd herein,
all your dear pleaſures make;
Its ſharp rebukes of every ſin,
as healing Balſam take.
For though conviction to the fleſh,
ſo bitter ſeem, and tart,
Yet is their iſſue to refreſh
and heal the better part.

Oh! then upon this Word of Truth
place high and great eſteem:
This point of Wiſdom learn in youth,
your precious time redeem.
To know Chriſt's from a ſtranger's Voice,
account the higheſt Art;
Your richeſt Treaſure is your choice
of *Mary*'s better part.

A Poetical Meditation, wherein the Usefulness, Excellency, and several perfections of the holy Scriptures are briefly hinted: performed by J. C. *but turn'd into more familiar verse for the use of Children, by* Abr. Chear.

AMong thy glorious Gifts,
Lord, thou thy Word hast given,
Precious and pure, sweet, holy, sure,
To guide me hence to Heaven.

Here I abound with straits,
Wants and necessities,
There I have store, heap't running o're,
With plenteous rich supplies.

Temptations here abound,
With terrors, dangers, fears,
These petty Hells thy Word expels,
and all my passage clears

When Satan fiercely shoots,
His fiery darts at me;
Then, Lord, thy Word is Shield and Sword,
Me saves, and makes them flee.

The present World commends
Its Objects fresh and fair;
But yet thy Word doth that afford
Which proves more precious Ware.

When fleshly lusts intice
To their alluring pleasure;
To rare delights thy Word invites,
More choice in weight and measure.

The Errors of the Times,
Their cheating Wares display;
But Scripture sayes, shun Errors wayes,
My Rule shall guide your way.

When by the Tempter's Wiles,
I tempted am to ſin;
By thy Word's Art, hid in my heart,
Both Field and Prize I win.

Nay, though I foiled be,
And ſin defile my Soul,
Thy Word can cleanſe theſe noiſom Dens,
And ſins beſt ſtrength controul.

An unbelieving heart,
Do I till now inherit:
Lord; thy Word hath pow'r to work Faith,
By thy moſt Holy Spirit.

If this be my Diſeaſe,
An hard and ſtony heart;
Thy Word thus deals, firſt kills, then heals,
And cures me by this ſmart.

Will not my frozen heart
With Goſpel Grace comply;
Thy Royal Law, this heart can thaw,
And cauſe a weeping eye.

Doth lofty towring thoughts
Puff up my tempted Breaſt;
Thy Word brings low, the proudeſt Foe,
Leſs makes me than the leaſt.

Do muttering thoughts, ariſe,
Grudge, murmur, or repine;
Thy Rod and Word, teach patience, Lord,
And ſtill theſe thoughts of mine.

Am I tongue-ty'd in Prayer,
And know not what to ſay,
Thy Word inſpires, praying deſires,
Tell's how and what to pray.

When like a loſt Sheep I
In darkneſs err and ſtray;

Thy Word's a light, moſt clear and bright,
And guides me in my way.

A ſimple fool I be,
And deſtitute of eyes;
Thy Word's a Rule, Maſter and School,
To make its Scholars wiſe.

I ſee my ſelf undone,
Diſtreſſed, naked, poor,
Thy Words infold a Mine of Gold,
Rich Pearls, and precious ſtore.

By ſinful Nature I
And God are ſtill at odds,
Thy Word my Soul converteth whole,
From Satan's Will to God's.

Do Troubles from without,
A. floods of inward Grief,
My So. torment? Thy Word is lent
With Joy and Soul-relief.

Or, is my Soul perplext
With reaſonings, doubts, and fears?
Thy Word of Grace reſolves the Caſe,
My cloudy Judgment clears.

Or, no deſpairing thoughts
My tempted Soul o'ertake?
Thy Word doth give me hopes to live,
For Chriſt my Saviour's ſake.

When Floods and Multitude
Of troubl'd Thoughts me preſs,
I call to mind thy Word, and find
It does my Soul refreſh.

Tho' in this Vale of Tears
I thirſt, faint, hunger, pine,
Thy Word me feeds in theſe my Needs,
It's Bread, and Milk, and Wine.

Or, am I weakned out,
And cannot walk alone?
Thy Word then is ſtrength to my kneer,
And Staff to lean upon.

And though in ſcorn and pain,
Forſook, and poor I be,
Thy Word alone, hath all in one,
Health, Wealth, Friends all to me.

Thus though my pained Soul
Be ſick, and wounded ſore,
With grievous ſin, which doth begin,
To feſter more and more.

Thy Word directs me where,
My healing may be had,
And doth me guide, to Chriſt's pierc'd ſide,
For Balm of *Gilead*.

Nay, though no life at all,
Nor quickning there remain;
Thy Word is good, and living Food,
Which fetcheth life again.

And if I would deſire,
A Life that laſts for ever,
The Scripture ſhows, whence water flows,
To drink and periſh never.

Bleſt be the Lord my God,
Who evermore provides,
And filleth full, my empty Soul,
With Food that ſtill abides.

My Soul! O bleſs the Lord,
Who bounteouſly hath given,
Strength, light, guide, way, leſt thou ſtray,
In this thy way to Heaven.

This Holy Book of God,
Theſe Sentences, theſe Lines;
Each Word and Letter, to me are better
Than Pearls and golden Mines.

'Tis Heaven it self transcrib'd,
And Glory lively pen'd;
God's Truth, no doubt, was copied out,
When he his Gift did send.

It's Truth brought forth to light;
God did hereby intend,
Man's word should fall, Heaven, Earth, and all,
But this should never end,

Dear Soul, admiring stand,
At that blest Hand and Quill;
That did produce, for sinners use,
Th'eternal Sovereign Will.

Astonished admire,
The Author too; and when,
Thou canst not raise, sufficient praise,
With wondering say *Amen*.

To my Cousin *John H.*

SWeet *John*, I send you here,
A Song by heart to learn;
Not it to say, as Parrets may,
But wisely to discern.

Oh! lay it deep to heart,
And mind it well I pray,
God grant you Grace, to grow a pace,
In virtue day by day.

As yet a Child you be,
And childish Toyes do please you;
But you'l complain, they all are vain,
When ever Grace shall seize you.

Nay when convictions come,
In Gospel-Power, and Truth;
You'l surely cry, Ah wretch am I,
Thus to have spent my youth!

Childhood and Youth were ſpent,
In things not to be nam'd:
Alas! what praiſe was in thoſe dayes,
Whereof I'm now aſham'd.

Dear *John*, then lay to heart,
This needful timely hint,
Before the day, of which you'l ſay,
What pleaſure have I in't?

Begin to mind the Lord,
Who form'd you out of duſt;
And did you raiſe, to ſhew his praiſe;
Him love and fear you muſt.

In things that are of Earth,
Spend not your youthful ſtrength;
Its joys and cares, are all but ſnares,
To miſchief you at length.

Where Chriſt in glory ſits,
Place there your prime delight;
Let things above have all your love,
Your time, care, mind, and might.

John Chriſt's fore-runner mind,
From whom you have your name
Though from his birth, liv'd mean on earth,
A ſhining Light became.

He choſe a Deſart life,
Fed hard, was coorſe attir'd,
He left the ſport, of *Herod's* Court,
Though he was there admir'd.

Sin he reprov'd in all,
And kept true witneſs clear:
He never ſought, himſelf in ought,
That Chriſt might more appear.

Another *John* you find,
The lov'd Diſciple nam'd;
Who lean'd for reſt on Jeſus breſt,
With Goſpel-love inflam'd,

To every Truth of Christ,
A witness bold he bare;
Though an Exile, in *Patmos*-Isle,
Choice Visions he had there.

A Pattern if they be,
To you in word and deed,
Jehovah's eye, will make supply,
To whatsoe'er you need.

To my Cousin *Sam. B.*

DEar Cousin *Sam.* my pretty Lamb,
this Song to you I send;
What-ever play, aside you lay,
learn this from end to end.

With God begin, take heed of sin,
know Jesus out of hand.
betimes you must, flee youthful lust,
its first assaults withstand.

Spend not your dayes, in wanton playes,
though naughty Boys intice:
They first begin, with little sin,
but end in deadly vice.

If naughty Boys, allure with Toys,
to sin, or lies to tell;
Then tell them plain, you tempt in vain,
such wayes go down to Hell.

God's holy Eye, our faults do spy,
and will to Judgment call us,
We must fear God, more than the Rod,
or ought that can befal us.

How oft have I, been like to die?
yea Death is alwayes near:
Chuse whom you will, to follow still,
Christ must love and fear;

Fathers

Fathers beſt Boy, and Mothers joy,
I then ſhall ſurely be;
And that that's beſt of all the reſt,
God will provide for me.

To my Couſin *W. L.*

DEar Child, although my Father's Will
in Priſon me hath bound;
Through uprightneſs, and patience ſtill,
my comforts here are found.
The preſence of a gracious God,
doth this a Palace make;
It makes the bitter of the Rod,
be ſweet for Jeſus ſake.
But oh! when guilt brings any here
in Fetters to be bound;
Becauſe of God they had no fear,
but were in evil found:
To ſuch it is a dreadful place,
here guilt to judgment binds them;
Where if they don't repent apace,
Death, Wrath, and Vengeance finds them.
Of you, dear Child, with carefulneſs,
my heart hath many a thought;
Leſt you through youthful wantonneſs,
to greater ſins be brought:
And ſo by adding ſin to ſin,
you waſte your time and ſtrength;
And when your judgment doth begin,
in vain you mourn at length.
I charge you then, in any ſort,
your Great Creator mind;

Spend

Spend not your youthful dayes in ſport,
that cannot be regain'd.
Avoid thoſe rude and wicked Boys,
that make a mock of ſin;
Love not their playes, and ſinful Toys,
to fear the Lord begin.
Keep cloſe to School, read Scriptures oft,
in private learn to pray.
Your Goſpel-grounds keep ſtill in thought,
Your Parents both obey.
Your Brethren love, and teach them good,
a Chriſtian learn to be;
Then God will give you clothes and food.
and you'l be dear to me.

To my Kinſman A. L.

MY pretty Child, remember well,
you muſt your wayes amend;
For wicked Children go to Hell,
that way their courſes tend.
But hearke to me, if you to be
the Child of God deſire;
The broad and open road muſt flee,
which multitudes admire.
Strive every day to mend your way,
learn Chriſt while you are young;
Take conſtant heed, to every deed,
to heart, feet, hands and tongue.
You may be quickly ſick, and die,
and put into the Grave;
From whence to Judgment you muſt fly,
and righteous Sentence have.
Learn then to fear, while you live here,
with Chriſt your time imploy,

Labour

Labour to live and die as one,
that leaves the World with joy.
My ſtrength in cries I ſhall imploy,
that God will bleſs your youth;
I can have nothing like this joy,
My Children walk in truth.

To my youngeſt Kinſman R. L.

MY little Couſin, if you'l be
your Uncles deareſt Boy,
You muſt take heed of every deed,
that would your Soul deſtroy.
You muſt not curſe, nor fight, nor ſteal,
nor ſpend your time in games,
Nor make a lie, whate'er you ail,
nor call ungodly names.
With wicked Children do not play,
for ſuch to Hell will go;
The Devils Children ſin all day,
but you muſt not do ſo.
Begin, I pray, to learn that way,
that doth to Heaven tend:
O learn a little day by day,
which leadeth to that end.
For God and good men love ſuch Boyes,
and will them good things give;
Father and Mother will rejoyce,
and I in comfort live.

Another to a Child, insisting on Psal. 119. 9.

SInce I am naturally bent,
to take delight in Songs;
A Friend from Prison one hath sent,
that to my Soul belongs:
Which when I sing, he doth intreat,
I would not mind my play,
But frequently with weight repeat,
How may I cleanse my way?

It is the use of such as I,
to Dance, and Play, and sing;
Or else to lie, and rail, and cry,
for will in every thing.
Why should our wantonness be croſt,
or pleasures night and day?
We fear no danger to be lost;
what need we cleanse our way?

Should we our jovial Play-mates shun,
when we return from Schools;
Should we not fight, and climb, and run,
we should be counted fools,
If in the Hedges, Streets, and Fields,
our sports you take away;
What good will food and rayment yield;
why should we change our way?

When up to Youth and Strength we grow,
'tis brave to have our wills;
To heed no check whate're we do,
of lust to take our fills:
To fight, drink, game, to swear and curse,
to lie out night and day;

To spend and whore, grow worse and worse,
What youth will cleanse his way?

'Tis true, the Holy Scriptures teach,
our Catechisms tell;
Some Ministers we hear do preach,
Youths must take heed of Hell.
Our Parents at our wildness grieve,
exhort, reprove and pray;
But after all, we scarce believe,
we need to cleanse our way.

We see some that were thought the best,
their high profession leaving;
And greedily, as do the rest,
to earth and Pleasure cleaving,
No check of Conscience doth apppear,
in what they do or say;
This greatly hardens us from fear,
or thoughts to cleanse our way.

With Cart-ropes to draw youthful lust,
this day all help affords;
It 'tis a sport, Christ's bonds to burst,
and cast away his Cords,
If one from wickedness dissent,
he makes himself a prey;
This yeelds but small encouragement,
for youth to cleanse his way.

As the young Ass that snuffs the wind,
Youth loves to have its swinge;
But hates attempts, its lust to bind,
or liberty infringe.
Yet there's a month, in which the Lord,
our full career can stay.
And can, according to his Word,
turn, change, and cleanse our way.

No less than an Almighty Power,
such torrents can withstand,

The influences of this hour,
tempt with ſo high a hand,
Amongſt a thouſand, ſcarce one Lad,
(with weepings we may ſay)
Of whom aſſurance may be had,
he ſtrives to cleanſe his way.

Oh! with what grief upon their wayes,
ſhould Parents then reflect;
Whoſe fawning in our infant dayes,
doth Word and Rod neglect;
Till our incorrigible years,
are apt by deeds to ſay,
Although ye break your heart with tears,
we will not cleanſe our way.

Were our Salvation their deſign,
our Souls their higheſt care;
They would be careful to decline,
all ſteps that might enſnare.
What holy walks, before our ſight,
as Patterns ſhould they lay;
Which might endear us with delight,
betimes to cleanſe our way?

Above deep learning, breeding, wit,
they for us Grace would prize,
Rich Trades, or Stocks, compar'd with it,
were dung before their eyes.
The greateſt Matches they could find,
with heaps of yellow Clay;
Were no preferment to their mind,
like to a cleanſed way.

To a Virgin inclining to enquire after the Lord.

A Soliloquie.

COme pray thee, Precious Soul of mine,
let's ſeriouſly retire;

And

And under eye and aid Divine,
God's Oracles enquire.
Call in thoſe thoughts that range about,
with awfulneſs incline,
To get this queſtion out of doubt,
Is Jeſus truly mine?

It's high time now to fix our thought,
O let time paſt ſuffice,
That we the luſts of fleſh have wrought,
in youthful vanities.
What profit in thoſe wayes is found,
which down to Hell decline;
What real pleaſure can redound,
if Chriſt be none of mine?
'Tis true, a Maid can ſcarce forget,
her ornamental tire;
The Virgins her at nought will ſet,
whoſe eye is fixed higher.
But ſhould I my bright morning waſt,
to make me trim and fine;
'Twill be but bitterneſs at laſt,
if Chriſt be none of mine.
With *Dinah* ſhould I gad to ſee,
the Daughters of the Land;
My intimates, if ſuch ſhould be,
who Chriſt don't underſtand:
My complements, and gate might I,
as is the mode, refine;
But wretched ſhould I live and die,
if Chriſt be none of mine.
Or if through deep convictions I
my vain Companions leave;
And to the Saints, for company,
in dear affections cleave.
Though they as Angels ſpeak to me,
ſweet words as ſpiced Wine:
Of what advantage could it be,
if Chriſt be none of mine?

Of his ineſtimable worth,
if I by Saints am told;
Or how the Goſpel ſets him forth,
tranſcending heaps of Gold:
Though one among a thouſand he,
in full perfection ſhine;
What will this Glory be to me,
if Chriſt be none of mine?

If by reforming I eſſay,
ſelf-righteouſneſs ſhould ſtand;
I may conjecture I obey,
the Law's exact command.
Nay, to the Goſpel's outward call,
my ſteps I may refine;
Yet ſhort of glory I ſhall fall,
If Chriſt be none of mine.

How Satan acts an Angel's part,
I cannot well diſcern;
The windings of a treacherous heart,
I cannot quickly learn:
How cloſe hypocriſie in all,
may hide it's deep deſign;
The ſtateſyeſt Structure then muſt fall,
if Chriſt be none of mine.

Of a Child ſomewhat indulged by reaſon of Sickline ſs.

IF any would my Age be told,
this anſwer they may have;
A weakly Child often years old,
oft very near the Grave.
My Life's a wonder to my Friends,
continued to this day;
And doubtleſs is for higher ends,
then eat, and drink and play.

To those things Childhood is inclin'd,
yea, to great evils bending;
And little doth it heed or mind,
to what such wayes are tending.
If Parents give us our contents,
and take delight to please us;
We little lay to heart events,
though dreadful Plagues should seize us.
Some Parent in this sinful Age,
will no wayes cross our course;
Whilst other's filthy raying rage,
to desp'rate wayes enforce.
But did the love and fear of God,
in Parents hearts bear sway,
And were the doctrine of the Rod
their study day by day.
Were their and our iniquities,
more deeply laid to heart;
Did love to our immortal Souls,
of fondness get the start,
They'd learn, with gravity, to smile,
and tenderness to smite;
Correct and pitty all the while,
rebuke, and yet delight.
Chastisements would with teaching meet,
reproofs be sharp, yet mild;
God's admonition would be sweet,
and wholsome to the Child.
We should grow flexible and kind,
great guilt it would prevent;
This early, with a willing mind,
would lead us to repent.
It would seem bitter to the flesh,
to travel thus again;
But ah! the forming Christ afresh,
will pay for all this pain.

Dialogue betwixt *the Love of Christ* and *the lusts of the Flesh*; written by the said *Mr. Chear*, setting forth the deceitful nature of sin, in its alluring the Soul from Godness, to its ruine and destruction; and the powerful influence of Christ's Love, engaging to an early imbracing his invitations to a well grounded hope of *everlasting Glory*.

Its Prologue.

Respected Friend,
I am oblig'd to tell you what's a doing;
There are at hand to you design'd for woing,
Two fair-spoke Suitors, both look fair and fresh,
The love of Jesus, and the lust of Flesh.
They are Co-rivals, each Proposals brings,
As if the Heirs apparent of some Kings,
And terms to tender to engage your favour,
As such vast Interests their offers savour.
Hear now, and well observe a Stander-by,
Who long hath known how their concerns do lie,
And who by dear experience hath been taught,
To what results such suits are often brought:
If from his great desire you be blest,
And in your choice reach everlasting rest.
He offers dear-bought light to guide your mind
That to the better part it be inclin'd;
He shews a little, in a home-spun stile,
The one's simplicity, the other's Guile.
What stocks they came of, and their old descents;
Their various treasures, and their plain intents,

What

What are their qualities, their differing ends;
To what plain iſſue each propoſal tends.
Their ſundry overtures your love to gain,
In way of Dialogue betwixt them twain.

The Love of Chriſt.

SWeet Virgin ſtop, let Wiſdom drop,
a word becoming Kings:
Pray be enclin'd, to bend your mind,
unto Cœleſtial things.
I beg your love, for things Above;
nay, all your Powers I claim:
I would adorn, your youthful morn,
and crown your early aim.

The Luſt of the Fleſh.

Should any thought to mind be brought,
that interrupts your quiet:
Shall Virgins weep, diſturb their ſleep,
deſert their needful diet?
Tuſh, drink in Plate, and recreat
your live'y youthful Spirit,
Seek Courtly things, delight in Kings,
which may proclaim your merit.

The Love of Chriſt.

While Fleſh pretends, theſe pleaſing ends,
its dire intents it hides;
But pray awake, for Jeſus ſake,
while day of Grace abides.
Fleſh lulls its Gueſts between its Breaſts,
convictions to expel;
But deadly charms, are in its arms;
its Gueſts are lodg'd in Hell.

The Luſt of the Fleſh.

What ſtrange conceits, what filly cheats,
would drive thy joy away?
Theſe Preachers tell, but dreams of Hell,
and of the Judgment-day.

'Twill ne'r do well, till mirth expel,
such ſullen dumps as theſe;
The Timbrel bring, come dance and ſing;
eat, drink, and take thine eaſe.

The Love of Chriſt.

The childiſh toys, may make a noiſe,
to pleaſe the carnal heart;
But all the while, they but beguile,
nay wound the better part,
One glimps of love, ſeal'd from above,
theſe higheſt joys tranſcends;
From deeps 'twill raiſe, to heights of praiſe,
when that in torment ends.

The Luſt of the Fleſh.

Shall wordy winds, on gallant minds,
ſuch deep impreſſions make;
That for a ſound, of things unfound,
they joys in Hand forſake?
This day invites, to rare delights,
all Ladies who deſign,
To've fortunes rais'd, and beauties prais'd,
imbrace theſe Paths of mine.

The Love of Chriſt.

Alas at length, you'l loſe your ſtrength,
mirth, beauty, ſport, and pleaſure;
And when too late, lament your ſtate,
your miſpent time and treaſure.
They'l take them wings, and leave you ſtings,
with venom, guilt, and ſmart;
Then while 'tis day, I humbly pray,
chuſe *Mary*'s better part.

The Luſt of the Fleſh.

Are ſuch things fit, that clogs your wit,
which now to heights aſpires?
Such doatings leave, till age bereave,
of moiſture, warm deſires.

Your

Your budding Spring, prompts you to ſing,
your warbling Princely ſtrain;
In Courtly Modes, with amorous odes,
your Gallants entertain.

The Love of Chriſt.

Such frothy freaks, aloud beſpeaks,
how ſlightly youths eſteem
Their nobler parts their precious hearts,
which Earth cannot redeem.
How hardly brought, to turn a thought,
from Objects thus deprav'd;
Though Jeſus cries, Oh! fix your eyes
on me, and be ye ſav'd.

The Luſt of the Fleſh.

Such looks may grace, ſome wither'd face,
or ſome grave Cloyſtered Nun;
Are counted blots, not beauty-ſpots;
where Fame's but now begun.
Tuſh, rather prize thoſe Comedies,
and rare Romances uſe;
Attend reſorts, to Princely ſports,
and ſhades for interviews.

The Love of Chriſt.

What pitty 'tis, ſuch traſh as this,
with Heaven-born Souls ſhould take;
While Jeſus ſtands, with ſtretch'd-out hands,
rich overtures to make.
'Gold try'd in Fire, and rich Attire,
do your acceptance crave;
A Crown of Bliſs, prepared is,
When each an end ſhall have.
The treaty ſtops, but here, you have a taſt
your friend hath longings that you may be Chaſt
Preſerv'd a Virgin, and brought ſuch to Chriſt
by love conſtrained, not by luſt intic't.

A Deſcription of an Elect Perſon, in his three-fold ſtate, by *Nature*, *Grace*, and *Glory*; Collected by *Va. Powel*, in the cloſe of his Catechiſm; tranſlated into familiar Verſe, for Childrens better remembrance, by *A. Chear*.

Ejaculation.

My bleſſed Father, when my heart enclines,
To ſing this Song, or but to read theſe lines,
Let me thy Spirits Power, or leadings find,
To form their lively likeneſs on my mind,
Work deep convictions, and an holy fear,
To think what am I, or what once I were.
And into fellowſhip, Lord let it guide me,
With all thin Grace *the Goſpel doth provide me;*
That I may claim what this thy record ſaith,
By ſound experience, and unfeigned Faith;
And let the hope of yonder Glory *raiſe*
My Soul to cloſe with thoſe reflects of praiſe.

(1.)

Nature. BY *Nature*, and as out of Chriſt,
born of the fleſh was I;
Grace. By *Grace*, and as I ſtand in Chriſt,
I'm new born ſpiritually.
Glory. In *Glory* I with Chriſt ſhall raign,
and Heavenly freedom have.
Reſt. Lord! what is Man, that thou ſhouldſt daign
ſo vile a Wretch to ſave?

2. Flesh dies my Members and my mind, *Nature.*
with quietness inherit.
But now a Warfare I do find, *Grace.*
betwixt my flesh and spirit.
The spirit promised, at length, *Glory.*
all glorious will make me.
For that his War's above my strength, *Rest.*
let not my Christ forsake me.

(3.)

My sensual lusts to satisfie, *Grace.*
a fl shy War I waged.
But now for walking spiritually, *Nature.*
my spirit stands ingaged.
Nay, by Christ's quickning power at last, *Glory.*
transform'd I wait to be.
Lord! what am I that thou should'st cast, *Rest.*
a look of love on me?

(4.)

To that which fleshly pleasure brings, *Nature.*
I wholly bent my mind;
But now unto the Spirit's things *Grace.*
I chiefly stand inclin'd.
At length my glorifyed eyes, *Glory.*
such sights alone shall see.
Lord! what am I that thou should'st prize, *Rest.*
so poor a Worm as me?

(5.)

By sinful Nature I was dead, *Nature.*
in trespasses and sins;
By Gospel-grace now quickened, *Grace.*
my Soul to live begins.
The day approacheth, when from sin, *Glory.*
I shall be wholly free.
Lord! what am I that thou hast been, *Rest.*
at so great cost on me?

6. In

(6.)

Nature. In ſin, as in my proper place,
I was well pleas'd to lie;
Grace. But now I ſtrive to walk by Grace,
in all ſimplicity.
Glory. I ſhall preſented be at laſt,
as my dear Chriſt is pure.
Reſt. What love is this, that Chriſt ſo chaſt,
ſhould ſuch a Wretch indure?

(7.)

Nature. Subjected to the Law of ſin
and death I once did ſtand,
Grace. Made free, I to obey begin,
the Spirit of Life's command;
Glory. A glorious triumph's yet in ſtore,
o're ſin and death for me.
Reſt. How ſhould I Majeſty adore,
that I thus ſav'd ſhould be?

(8.)

Nature. Once God's pure Nature, Word and Law
I hated as my Foes;
Grace. Now with them I in holy awe,
and dear affections cloſe.
Glory. Deſires ſhall into full delight,
at length reſolved be.
Reſt. Lord! what am I that e're my ſight
ſhould ſuch bleſt Objects ſee?

(9)

Nature. Lorn ignorant of Heavenly things,
I teachings did deſpiſe;
Grace. All teachings which the Goſpel brings,
my Soul doth dearly prize.
Glory. Clear apprehenſions I ſhall gain,
when Faith is turn'd to ſight.
Reſt. Lord! what was man that thou ſhouldſt daign
on him to place delight;

10. With-

(10.)

With vileſt Sons of men I choſe, *Nature.*
my chief repaſt to take:
But now the ſtricteſt Saints are thoſe, *Grace.*
whom boſom-friends I make
With glorious Saints and Angels I *Glory.*
eternally to dwell.
Lord! raiſe me up to magnifie, *Reſt.*
this Grace that doth excel.

(11.)

The form of Godlineſs I loath'd, *Nature.*
which Sons of God profeſs;
Now with its power compleatly cloath'd *Grace.*
with all my heart I preſs.
The price of that high Call at laſt, *Glory.*
I am in hope to gain.
Lord! why ſhould all this Grace be caſt *Reſt.*
upon a Wretch ſo vain?

(12.)

Of Earth, an earthly Man I was, *Nature.*
and earthly things did mind:
But now am brought from earth, alas! *Grace.*
yet here I ſtay behind.
But ſhortly from the Earth I ſhall *Glory.*
rais'd, and tranſlated be.
Admired kindneſs, that at all *Reſt.*
God ſhould have thoughts on me!

(13.)

In Hell's black Region was my place, *Nature.*
dark as the blackeſt night;
But now enlightned I through Grace, *Grace.*
walk as a Child of Light.
With Light which Mortals cannot ſee, *Glory.*
I ſhortly hope to dwell:
What marvellous Grace is this to me, *Reſt.*
ſav'd from the loweſt Hell!

(14.)

Nature. A Babe was I in open field,
cast out in Blood, and loath'd;
Grace. Grace passing by a skirt did yield,
I now am wash't and cloath'd.
Glory. With Robes immortal yet I wait,
in Glory to be rais'd:
Rest. This love is so surpassing great,
it cannot be display'd.

(15.)

Nature. A stranger from my Father's face,
by Nature I remain'd;
Grace. But to be call'd his Friend, by Grace,
I have at length obtain'd.
Glory. His fixed favourite in bliss,
eternal I shall be.
Rest. O! what transcendent love is this,
to such a Wretch as me?

(16.)

Nature. At enmity with God I stood,
a Rebel fierce and wild;
Grace. By shedding of my Saviour's Blood,
I now am reconcil'd.
Glory. Then saved by his Life much more,
I hope and wait to be.
Rest. Lord, I would humbly thee adore,
who thus hath saved me.

(17.)

Nature. God's Righteous Law for wickedness,
my conscience did condemn,
Grace. But now through Christ's own Righteousness
I'm justified in him.
Glory. I hope for that refreshing day,
that will Salvation bring:
Rest. Who can the faithfulness display,
of my dear Lord and King?

18. Once

(18.)

Once as a guilty Soul astray, *Nature.*
from God I fled for fear.
Now by the new and living Way, *Grace.*
with boldness I draw near,
The day's approaching, when Above *Glory.*
I shall with God abide.
Dear Soul, this thought surpassing love, *Rest.*
in silence do not hide.

(19.)

In Satan's Kingdom I lay chain'd, *Nature.*
a willing fetter'd slave:
But Christ my liberty hath gain'd, *Grace.*
choice freedom now I have.
Of Heavenly free *Jerusalem*, *Glory.*
I Citizen shall be
How can I do enough for him, *Rest.*
who all this did for me?

(20.)

From any bond to Righteousness, *Nature.*
I once was wholly free:
But now made free to Righteousness, *Grace.*
its Servant I would be.
In Righteousness I hope to raign, *Glory.*
when sin shall tempt no more.
Let not this Grace be all in vain, *Rest.*
laid richly thus in store.

(21.)

Through guilt and wrath which once I saw, *Nature.*
my terrors did increase:
But now deliver'd from the Law, *Grace.*
by Faith I live in peace.
Of Faith I shall obtain the end, *Glory.*
in full Salvation then.
How doth this Grace of God transcend, *Rest.*
the utmost thoughts of men.

(22.)

Nature. My hopes, with false foundations propt,
oft turn'd into dispair.
Grace. But now its Anchor safely dropt,
doth true rejoycings rear.
Glory. Things hop'd for shall be full injoy'd,
no work for hope in sight.
Rest. Oh blessedness! to be imploy'd,
in acts of pure delight.

(23)

Nature. No right to promises had I,
or words that tend to save;
Grace. No promises I can apply,
to all, the right I have.
Glory. All Heavenly Blessings promised,
I fully shall partake.
Rest. Why stand I thus distinguished,
alone for Mercies sake?

(24)

Nature. Born from beneath as Satan's Brat,
Hell's Heritage I find me;
Grace. But God, who me by Grace begat,
Heir of the World assign'd me.
Glory. An Heir of God, joynt-Heir with Christ,
in Heaven I shall dwell.
Rest. Lord! leave me not to be intic't,
this Heritage to sell.

(25.)

Nature. My Fence departed, unto harms
I daily was exposed;
Grace. But lodg'd in everlasting arms,
I safely am inclos'd.
Glory. A Mount impregnable e're long,
God will about me raise:
Rest. Oh! put an everlasting Song,
into my mouth, of praise,

(26.)

By Works of my own Righteouſneſs, *Nature.*
the way to Heaven I ſought,
Of truſting to it more or leſs, *Grace.*
I now abhor the thought.
In Righteouſneſs, without a ſpot, *Glory.*
I ſhall preſented be.
Admired be my bleſſed Lot, *Reſt.*
lay'd up in Chriſt for me.

(27.)

My ſingle ſelf, in ſenſual luſt, *Nature.*
as my chief end I ſought:
But chiefly now contrive I muſt, *Grace.*
God may have honour brought.
To give him glory ſtill in bliſs, *Glory.*
my work will ſhortly be:
With joy unſpeakable will this *Reſt.*
imployment raviſh me.

(28.)

Like a loſt Sheep, or Goat, or Son, *Nature.*
diſtreſſes did ſurround me,
But in this Deſart ſtate undone, *Grace.*
ſweet Jeſus ſought and found me.
And ſhortly to my long'd-for home, *Glory.*
me in his arms will bring.
Ah! what high raiſed Songs become, *Reſt.*
my beauteous glorious King?

(20)

Through darkneſs then upon my mind, *Nature*
I nothing knew or learn'd;
Through gracious teachings now I find *Grace.*
deep things in part diſcern'd.
Through perfect Viſion all things I *Glory.*
ſhall know as I am known;
His Glory to Eternity, *Reſt.*
his Praiſes ſhall be ſhown.

(30.)

Nature. Beſt ſervices I then perform'd,
a loathſome ſtink did make:
Grace. Weak ſervices are now adorn'd
and ſweet for Jeſus ſake.
Glory. A Reward, not of Debt but Grace,
ſuch ſervices ſhall crown.
Reſt. 'Tis wonderful that God ſhould place,
on Duſt ſuch great renown.

(31.)

Nature. Sin did God's Image quite deface,
and like a Beaſt beſot me.
Grace. But Dignities beſtow'd by Grace,
rais'd like a Prince hath got me.
Glory. Yet more transform'd I wait to be,
like Angels who excel;
Reſt. What glorious Grace is this to me,
a firebrand pluckt from Hell?

(32.)

Nature. Both Sin, and Satan, as their own,
my Members did inherit;
Grace. But now this Body is the Throne,
and Temple of the Spirit.
Glory. And though in vileneſs 'twill be ſown,
'twill Spiritually be rais'd!
Reſt. Since God ſuch glorious depths makes known
how ſhould this Grace be prais'd;

(33.)

Nature. God's Glory into ſhame I turn'd,
and in that ſhame did boaſt;
Grace. Now things for which my luſt then burn'd
I bluſh and loath them moſt.
Glory. But far above all ſin and ſhame,
I ſhall be rais'd on high;
Reſt. Lord, ſet me on a gracious frame,
thy Name to magnifie.

(34.)

All dirt and mire among the pots, *Nature.*
you might my visage see,
But now, though mixt with waves and spots, *Grace.*
fair as the Moon I be.
My raised Glory shall at last, *Glory.*
the Suns bright Beams out-shine;
How could eternal love be plac't *Rest.*
on Souls so black as mine?

(35.)

Within the Region once I sate *Nature.*
of Death's dark dreadful Shade,
In Light's Dominion now of late, *Grace.*
to sit down I am made.
A Throne of glorious Life at length, *Glory.*
reserv'd in Promise lies;
Lord, lead thy worm from strength to strength *Rest.*
such precious Grace to prize.

For young *Joseph Branch.*

(1.)

THe names that Holy men of old
did on their Children set,
Some mysteries tended to unfold,
some teachings to beget.
Some works of God in ancient dayes
were to remembrance brought;
Or some instructions for their wayes,
was thus kept in their thought.

(2.)

This way our wanton age disgusts;
our names have other ends;
The rich thus gratifie their Lusts,
the poor thus please their Friends.

Yet sometimes Providence is known
Tradition to out-reach;
That names, at unawares bestown,
some Gospel-truths do preach.

(3)

And what should hinder but I might,
such lessons learn in mine?
Did Parents teach me, and the light
of grace upon me shine.
Of Holy *Joseph* I might learn,
a fruitful *Bough* to be,
And Christ The *Branch*, I might discern
a living Root to me.

(4.)

Alas! A branch by nature now
of a wild Vine I be,
Of the degenerated Bough,
of the wild Olive tree.
My root is rottenness like dust,
my Blossoms will ascend;
My grapes are *Sodom's* pride and lust,
to death my clusters tend.

(5.)

Can pricking Bryar, or grieving thorn,
good grapes in clusters bear?
Are figgs upon the Thistle born,
will any seek them there?
A root of bitterness can nought,
but gall and wormwood bring;
No wholesome water can be brought
from a corrupted spring.

(6)

Manured Nature forth may bring
a lovely Branch to sight,
With leaves and blossoms of the Spring,
and shades of great delight.
But if no fruit it doth afford
As Christ expects to find;
The Figg-tree dry'd, or *Jonas* Gourd,

What (once fair) Branches may I spy,
of fruit and leaves bereft?
Who living may be said to dye,
to men, and burning left.
What great appearance once they made,
with cost were digg'd and dreft,
They yielded an increasing shade,
and promis'd with the best.

(8)

But like the Ivy, hardly known,
on other branches hung
Their Root was properly their own
though to the Rind they clung.
But now the Fan and Axe are brought,
to purge and cast away:
Such fruitless figg-trees come to nought,
such empty Vines decay.

(9)

True, The Vine-dresser yet intreats,
that digg'd or dunged be;
If precepts, promises, or threats,
may better them or me.
But to our root the Axe is put,
if no good fruit be found,
This is the sentence, Down them cut;
why cumber they the Ground?

(10)

Instruction I should learn from hence,
How vile a branch I be;
Unless, in a New Cov'nant sense,
a death shall pass on me.
Unless from *Adam* I be cut
as standing in the Law.
And by a new-ingrafture put
Christs life and sap to draw.

(11)

Might I in that true Vine be found
a branch that bides alive;
And from that root and plant renown'd
might fair and fruit derive.

Like *Joseph*'s would my fruitful Bough
by Well and Wall be sent,
Nay, though the Archers griev'd me now
my Bow would bide in bent,

(12)

Then in the scorching years of drought,
when moisture others want;
I should retain both leaves and blowth,
and flourish like a Plant,
Till planted by thy crystal Brooks,
in Paradice I be,
Where Gods fruit-ripening shining looks
shall still be fixt on me.

Verses sent by an unknown Hndd, to Captain *Sampson Lark*,, in *Exon-Prison*: with a Respond.

Diversion breeds delight, delight prepares
for Action, Action is the leach of cares:
When one from t'other in this wise proceed,
Then of Diversion sometime you have need.
Cares only sinful actions must expell,
Which none but lawful actions can do well:
And lawful actions breed a chast delight,
Which flows from good diversion when its right.
If lawful actions shoot out sinful care,
And chast delight doth for such acts prepare;
And good Diversion breeds such chaste delight:
Have at the mark! Sure, this will hit the white!

Though you are mostly known to me by fame,
Yet I'le make bold to descant on your name:
Names to the things sometimes do well agree,
As, in your name, whoever will may see.
When this agreement shall to light be brought,
All men will say, Your name is not for nought.
Lark is your name, and Larks most sweetly sing,
When they are mounted highest on the wing;
your towring Soul sometimes mounts up on high.
And sings its sweetest notes above the sky. The

The Lark feeds clean and can no filth abide.
To *Common-Prayer* ſhould you a month be ty'd;
I am perſwaded, I may ſafely ſay,
You'd live on that as well as Larks by Hay;
The Lark's a Princely Diſh, though ſmall to ſight,
The Peſtle of a Lark is worth a Kite.
One Hour's diſcourſe with you more gain affords,
Than years acquaintance with ſome greater Birds.
But there's a ſeaſon when Larks may be caught,
A Month in which the ſilly Bird doth dote;
And then the Fowlers uſe to ſet their Gin,
They leave their ſtall, their Lure, the glaſs wherein
The Birds behold a falſe, though gliſtering Sun,
And tempted by it, to the Lure do come;
And to it play, which when the Fowler ſees,
He makes no doubt but ſuch a Lark is his.
The cunning Fowlers they have ſet their gin,
Good Sir, beware leſt they ſhould draw you in;
Should you be caught, they'l make a ſtall of you,
To tice in others as they uſe to do.
Sir, keep aloft, and ſtoop not to their glaſs;
Leſt what I do but hint, ſhould come to paſs.
I wiſh, the Proverb may in this prove true;
Till the ſky falls, they'l ne'r catch ſuch as you.
I am no Poet nor a Poet's ſon,
As you may gueſs by what I now have done;
Yet pray accept what I in love do ſend.
Although it come from Your concealed friend.

Reſpond.

DUll *Genius* rouze, for ſhame awaken, Heark,
What mourning melodie ſalutes the Lark;
What meetred muſick, what Seraphick ſtrains,
What curious warblings eccho through the plains.
The ſinger to retirement is diſpoſed.
No name, nor Character, muſt be diſcloſed.
The ſtrain tranſcends (vail'd in ſome ſhady buſh)
The Gold bill'd *Black-bird* or the dapple *Thruſh*.

Our

Outvies the Nightingale or Turtles voice,
The notion's raviſhing, th'anointing's choice.
Some *Zions* Singer in a ſable Coat!
Stop, ceaſe thus gueſſing, Heark, attend his note.
His quick intelligence on Eagle's wings,
Yields piercing inſight through terreſtrial things;
He ſees and ſmiles, at mens phanatick rage,
To cloiſtering unſhorn-*Sampſon* in a Gage;
Beſides the vain attempts, to clip the wing,
Or to inhibit Birds inſpir'd to ſing.
But here he's out, miſtaking he admires
Lark's worth in act, which is but in deſires;
He ſpies the ſtratagems, bewrayes the wiles,
Wherewith the Fowler ſilly Larks beguiles,
He warns of dangers, needful counſel drops,
Foreſtalls ſurpriſals, hints cœleſtial props.
Both Heaven and Earth his lot muſt Seed commend
Who hath ſuch a ſeal'd, though concealed, Friend.
Friend do not ceaſe, thy outcry to prefer,
Slack not thy witneſs from the Mount of Myrrh.
Although the Rock of Ages thee immure,
Where Bread's aſcertain'd, and where water's ſure;
Though out of dread and Gunſhot thou abide,
Thy Talent in a Napkin do not hide.
From Mount-Communion Goſpel depths diſcloſe,
If not in Meeter, yet in nervous Proſe.
Direct thy Muſick to the ſhady wood,
Where for a covert, and to pick their food
The ſometime numerous flock, diſperſed lie,
Expos'd to ſinkings, and deſign'd to die;
Let pitty move you, yea, let grace incline
Your yearning Bowels, by a power divine;
Sing heaps of Wheat; Birds of the golden-feather
Will flee like clouds, then flock like Doves together.
Ne'r fear the Vulturs that are now abroad,
Your Covert-work and Wages, are of God.
Ile not detain you but conclude, and end,
Your no way tired, though retired, Friend.

A

A Copy of Verſes, Compoſed and ſent me from London, by a Child of Twelve Years of Age.

OH what is Man! that God ſhould mindful be,
Of ſuch a Brute, of ſuch a Beaſt as he!
Admire the goodneſs of the Lord of Lords,
That he ſuch mercy unto Man affords:
Man that's but dirt, or clay, or ſome ſuch thing.
Oh! then admire the goodneſs of our King:
When firſt the Lord created Man, then he
Did give him grace to live eternally.
Then he did fill him with his holy Spirit;
And gave him pow'r, eternal joy to merit.
Thus Man, by his own power and ſtrength doth ſtand
The ſubtil ſerpent comes with a ſtrong hand
To try mans power, and to ſhake his faith
Thus to the woman he begins and ſaith
Come, filly woman; hath God ſaid, that ye
Are not to eat of the forbidden Tree?
The woman, anſwering to the Serpent, ſaid,
We are to eat of all that God hath made,
But from the tree that in the midſt doth ſtand,
We are commanded to reſrain our hand,
The ſubtil Serpent gat the day at laſt,
And made poor *Eve* and *Adam* be laid faſt,
In mire and dirt and filth of ſinful ſin;
Which made poor *Adam* Gods great curſe to win.
For when the woman ſaw the tree was good
And that 'twould make one wiſe, alſo for food;
She takes the fruit of the forbidden tree,
And gave ſome to her huſband; and when he
Had taken of the fruit, he condeſcended
To eat likewiſe, ſo to the Serpent bended.
Now God, perceiving man had quite loſt all
This great perfection, had before his fall;
And that there was no way for him to ſtand;
He thinks, how he might put an helping hand.

Though

Though feeble man's thus fallen, and quite loſt:
God calls his Son, and therein ſpares no coſt,
Who ſure is able all their ſins to bear
Yea, though their ſins were twice as many more.
Come, my dear Son! come, wilt thou undertake
To bear thoſe Sinners ſins; do, for my ſake.
Come, my dear Son; redeem loſt man for me,
I have no way to ſave him, but by Thee.
If thou wilt be a ſurety for mankind,
I'le covenant with thee (dear Son) and bind
My ſelf to give thee ſtrength and glorious power,
For to go through the torments of that hour,
In which thou Juſtice art to Satisfie,
I ſay again to thee, I will ſtand by.
Our Lord and Saviour, willing for man's ſake,
To dye for him, he did this Office take,
And ſo well did perform his charge, that he
Poor Man from chains of darkneſs did ſet free.
By offering up himſelf a Sacrifice,
He paid the debt, that did for ſin ariſe.
So to the higheſt Heavens doth now aſcend
To God the Father, and from thence doth ſend
His Holy Spirit, to lead in the way,
And guide us, leſt we erre and go aſtray.

All praiſe be given unto the Lord of lords,
Who of His Grace much help to us affords,
And let us all our dayes expreſs the ſame,
In honour of his great and glorious Name.

An Anſwer being deſired, This fragment being but a part of what was intended.

Kind Friend, When firſt I purpos'd to rehearſe
The courteous welcome of your rare-ripe verſe;
With what delight, your promptneſs we deſcry
With what thanks-givings we God's teachings eye;
How wit's dexterity aſcends its place,
Yea, how it proſtrates to enthroned grace;
On this deſign there need not be impreſt,
Our rural requiſits to do their beſt. Our

Our empty *Genius* would attempt the wing;
Our home-spun dialect, its store would bring:
Wit, if it's Wit, assistance would afford
And wanton mirth turn-out its frothy hoord.
But all their work were fitter for the plough,
Than wreath a Garland for your hopeful Brow.
For look as haizy morning-mists give way,
When glistering *Phœbus* doth his beams display;
Or as with gentlest touch the fearful Snaile
Contracts his cornets, and slow-silvering tail:
So sunk, and shrunk for shame, such vain essayes,
By sound rebukes from your grave gracious layes.
Since then, no concord can be but a clash
'Twixt the best substance, and this filthy trash,
No streams, nor frames, can square with the design,
But aid and arguments through-out divine;
What great necessity upon us lyes.
For that Anointing to prefer our eryes?
That's promis'd and prepared to direct
Through paths of myst'ries secrets to detect,
Things hid from Ages, from the voyce to hide
Of fleshly glory, to abase the pride.
While babes and sucklings, weak, base, empty things
Into the knowledg of these depths he brings.
Oh then what purity should such direct,
As lively leadings in such paths expect?
What chast conceptions, yea, what frames refin'd
Should still accommodate the waiting mind?
And then how thankful should they trembling stand,
Who need such leadings from this holy Hand?
Joy, watch with Jealousie, most safely keeps
Their feet who walk thro' such mysterious deeps.
Sweet Soul, for you is prayd in earlie dayes,
What *Israel's* finger upon high did raise,
Their mirth and musick who bare conquering palms
Prompted to sing the Lamb's and *Moses* Psalms;
Which none but Zions Virgins can acquire,
Tun'd to the sacred Evangelick lyre.

May your dear ſoul the power and virtue find
Of that great Compact which your ſong doth mind;
How near how pure the blood of ſprinkling makes,
What glorious priviledge the Saint partakes.
What helps to holineſs it brings to hand,
On what firm Baſis all his comforts ſtand,
What grounds for conſtant triumph it affords,
What ſweet ingagements, ſtill to be the Lords;
What bleſſed proſpects through theſe clouds it gives
To Zions joy, that its Redeemer lives.
And that he haſtes to pluck from Satan's jaws,
And give reviving to his bleſſed cauſe.

A Friend his Offer towards the preſerving the remembrance of that faithful Servant of Chriſt *John* (e) *Edwards junior*, who died in the Priſon at *Exon.* the 27th year of his age.

John (e) *Edwards*
Anagram.
Inward He do's, or
He Do's Inward

WHen Satan ſhuts up Saints *in Ward*, his might
Is bent to quench, at leaſt obſcure, their light,
To quell their Spirits, to diſtract their mind
That they no heart no hand for work ſhould find.
But here's a Conqueror in ſpight of foes
His Father's buſineſs, though *in Ward He Does*: (chear;
He does much *inward* work, he Writes, Prays, Preas
The Saints & ſinners, through his grate he reaches.
Nay ſtill he ſpeaks: It don't that work obſtruct,
Though from his priſon, he to raign be pluckt,
This voids that argument, We muſt comply,
Or, if in bonds, muſt ceaſe our Miniſtry.

John (e) *Edwards*
Anagram.
He'd drew Zion,
He'd Sion ward.

From

From Hell's black region, yea, through *Sinai*'s shade,
New-covenant conduct plain his passage made,
From threatned strokes, which wisely he foresaw;
And from sins hastening them *He'd Sion draw*:
He'd draw souls *Sion-ward*, with dexterous art
Inform their Judgments, then attract their heart.
His worth and Sion's lyes not much obscur'd;
Well, though he liv'd contemn'd and dy'd immur'd
When *Jesus* comes, He'l in his Lot remain:
He slept to wake, He died to live again.

Johannes Edwardus

Anagram.

Heaven'd Sion-wards.

THis serious Sionist his race purses; (news
Whilst young men languish, still his strength re-
Through *Bacas* vale, he plyes from strength to
To appear in Sion is his scope at length. (strength
With Princely staves, He (slighting carnal tools)
Digs pits on earth, Heaven daily fills his Pools.
In this his progress through the Kings-High-way
He meets with *Heaven*, *Heaven* meets him day by day:
Till of a suddain midst his travelling night,
An Heavenly Chariot caught him out of sight.
Ah wretched I! How Earth my course retards;
Lord let me be as he, *Heav'n'd Sion-wards.*

Upon the Grave-stone of *Anastis Mayow* and her Child, laid in one Grave in *Dartmouth*.

Anastis Mayow

Anagram.

Aim at Sions way.

TIll *Jesus* comes, This-Bed the dust contains
Of a sweet Sionist, discharg'd from pains.
Whose *aim at Sions way*, was took aright:
That path she travel'd, with increasing might;
That race she finish'd in her youthful day,
Though dead, she speaketh; *Aim at Sions way.*

On her young Child, dying shortly after.

SPectators! Heed Death's quick pursuit,
But now the Tree, and now the Fruit;
Yet his attempts are all but vain,
For Tree and Fruit shall spring again.

On Mr. *Fowler* of *Lime* and his Wife.

William Fowler
Anagram.
Worm will fail.

WHat's man at best? a *worm*. Can *worms avail*
About eternal things? A *worm will fail*.
Mortals, be warn'd by me, reclaim your trust
From man, a *worm*, reducible to dust.

Martha Fowler
Anagram.
The formal War.

TWixt flesh and spirit once in me,
the formal war was raised;
Now grace hath got the victory,
the Blessed God be praised!
The triumphs of the Crowning day
with Jesus are not far;
Let nothing (Saints) your faith dismay,
nor dread *the formal War*.

In memory of that servant of Christ, *Ed. Cock* of *Plym.* who rested from his labours the 23*d*. of the 5th. Month 1666.

Edward Cock
Anagram.
A Dewed Rock.

IF *Rizpah*'s offer from her Princely mind,
Such Royal favour did with *David* find;
When she, with Tears and tenderness, had spread
A sable sackcloth to conceal the Dead.

Nay, clad with this attire the mournful *Rock*,
Where hung the Off-spring of *Saul's* Royal stock,
From Birds and Beasts, them day and night to keep
Till from above the clouds on them did weep;
Nay, till their Bones the Kings command did gather
And lay in state and honour with their father;
Till Harvest's end, till three years famine cease,
Till God was pacifi'd, the Land at Peace.
Why may not I at least allowed be
This Paper-Canopie to spread on thee?
Dear Heaven-born, Royally descended *Rock*
Not to obscure thee, nor *thy dewed Rock*,
Thou art secured, in a better way,
From teeth or claws of Birds, or Beasts of prey;
From strife of tongues, and from the foot of pride,
Thy Fathers Royal Secret-Tent doth hide.
As for the *Rock*, whereon thou end'st thy dayes,
Its none of *Gilboas the dew* bewrayes,
Thy roots were watered, though to stones they clung,
And all night-long dew on thy branches hung.
Thy fleece with drops was filled from on high,
When round-about, the parched ground was dry;
Yet still as *Jacobs* fountain dropt on thee
At second hand, they round should *dewed* be.
From thence thy first and latter rain did drop,
Which fill'd thy ears, and so inrich'd thy crop.
Thy Bar-ripe Harvest God's command did shew,
Thou shouldst be blessed with Mount Zions *dew*.
On this High Rock where thou wert made to ride,
Honey and Butter flow'd on every side.
Th is strong munition did thy peace secure,
Thy bread was given thee, and thy waters sure;
Thy Sepulcher thou in this *Rock* didst hew,
Yet still remain'st; *as* Dew of herbs thy *Dew*.
Thy flesh abides in hope, though't dwell in dust,
With Christ's dead-Body, rise and sing it must.
It's but a little while, until the King
Shall make the dwellers of this *Rock* to sing.

A friendly attempt to call to remembrance the precious Savour *of that gracious Soul,* *Mrs.* Margaret Trenick, *late wife of Mr.* Thomas Trenick, *of* Plymouth: *who departed this life the* 30*th. day of the ſecond Month* (*vul.* Januarie) *Anno* 1665, *being the* 27*th. year of her age.* Pſal. 12. 1.

Margaret Trenick,
Anagram
Art creating meeker.

My ſlumbring Muſe hath me invited,
A ſong with ſighs in hand to take,
But with ſuch work not much delighted,
She ſhrunk and ſlunk, eſcapes to make;
Great indiſpoſedneſs appears
In mind and members to this thing;
Yea, throngs of doubtings, clouds, and fears,
Diſcouraging excuſes bring.
But under great ingagements I'le go ſeek her,
For thy ſweet ſake who art creating meeker.

But oh, How treat of Chriſt can I?
Or of his Grace-begetting write?
Creating is a Theam too high,
Unleſs th' Anointing all indite.
Beſides, it is a ſight ſo rare
To ſee *Creating*-grace diſplay
The Everlaſting Arm made Bare,
Who will believe in it one day!
Becomes me beſt, to own my ſelf a ſeeker,
Can this thing be? Thou art creating meeker.

But when I fix my ſerious thought
Upon the task I'm undertaking;
A lively inſtance forth is brought,
Of a meek ſoul, *yet meeker making*

A Lamb-like temper at the firſt
In nature beautify'd her morn;
But 'twas not *Adam*, form'd of Duſt,
Whoſe meekneſs could her Soul adorn:
'Till Chriſt in meekneſs comes Himſelf to ſeek Her,
And ſpeaks with power, Thou art creating meeker.

This new Creation progreſs found,
From ſtrength to ſtrength by meekning grace;
By oppoſitions gaining ground,
'Till ſhe had finiſhed her race.
Through ſoul-diſtreſſes, doubts, delays,
Which others meekneſs oftimes tire;
She meekly walkt to Chriſts High praiſe,
Her meekneſs, by theſe ſteps got higher.
Nay when grim death to ruine all did ſeek her,
This truth was ſeal'd, Th' art yet creating meeker.

Margaret Trenick,
Anagram,
Greater Mercie tak'n.

While Earth's foundations cannot ſtand,
while powers of Heaven are ſhaken;
Me God hath from great plagues at hand,
In greater Mercy taken.

Friends, do not grieve, then that by me
This wretched worlds forſaken;
Here to be left might mercy be,
But greater mercy taken.

In duſt I ſleep, now freed from tears,
But ſhortly ſhall awaken:
And ſhall be, when my Chriſt appears,
In greater Mercy taken.

Ye might have one day wept to ſee
Me ſigh, as one forſaken;
But now, Triumph that Chriſt hath me
To greater Mercy taken.

Margaret

Margaret Trenick.
Anagram.
Mark retreating.

The bleſſed ſubject of this mournful verſe,
Tranſcends my skill, her praiſes to rehearſe:
The lively grace which in her youth did ſhine,
Reflects convictions on this Soul of mine.
How ſhort of her I am in patient waiting,
And how unskil'd, aright *to mark retreating.*

This age of deep revolt from truths profeſt,
Made ſad impreſſions on her heaven-born breaſt:
Such as beſpoke her, griev'd in heart to ſee
God's name blaſphem'd (by ſeeming Saints) to be.
This broke her ſleep, and mixt with tears her eating
To mark the madneſs of this Times *retreating.*

It's true, ſhe talkt not much, made little noiſe,
Her cloſet-Friend, ſhe choſe ſhould hear her voice:
But her whole walk with God, and man bewray'd
Heartful of matter, though not much ſhe ſaid.
For hers and others Souls, her heart was beating,
To mark the ſteps and iſſues of *retreating.*

She choſe to walk a mournful ſoftly pace,
Weeping while waiting for her Father's face;
Sharp ſickneſs ſeal'd home love, but ſeiz'd her life,
Once a choice Virgin, then a faithful Wife.
Both life and death, this Anagram repeating,
Behold the upright's end, but *mark retreating.*

Margaret Trenick,
Anagram.
King rare matter.

A Dialogue betwixt a Queriſt, and her Anſwer.

Queriſt.

Dear Heart! while living, Grace did much appear
In thy ſlow ſpeaking, who were quick to hear;

But

But more, when Death did thy crakt pitcher break,
Thy Lamp ſhines brighteſt, & thou dead doſt ſpeak.
In this I acquieſce, yet fain would know
Why wert ſo mute, why to good ſpeech ſo ſlow?

Anſwer.

The Tempter on my temper might prevail,
Some needful teachings ſometimes to conceal:
Pretending eaſe, yet brought no ſolid reſt;
The fire increaſing in my panting breaſt.
Which rais'd rebukes, convictions, griefs, ſo high,
As found no vent but through a weeping eye.

Queſt.

Was't all and only thy temptations then
Thou wert ſo mute among the ſons of men?
So ſcarcely ſociable, ſo retir'd,
As made Converſe with thee not much deſir'd?
Thy lips allow'd thy heart ſo little vent,
That few could fathom what thy muſing meant.

Anſ.

Nay ſometimes reaſonings of a higher kind,
Did that way Byaſs my poor pauſing mind;
I view'd and wept on a profeſſing Age,
That talk'd Religion on a ſtately ſtage:
But ſo reproacht it by unworthy walking,
As made me dread their fellowſhip in talking.

Queſt.

But why among the Saints, thy dear delight,
Were ſo reſerved, if not ſilent quite?
Their gracious ſpeeches drop as generous wine,
Yet might have been more ſpic'd & warm'd by thine.
'Tis wiſdom's way theſe waters deep to draw,
By frequent ſpeakings, yet with holy awe.

Anſ.

Beſides the Tempter's wiles, I oft bethought
How ignorant I was, what need be taught;
How little I could ſpeak to others gain,
How I had ſpoke already much in vain.
Then begg'd a bridle on my lips might be,
Leſt I ſhould ſpeak what was not in me.

Queſt.

Queſt.

It's true, Their talk involves both guilt and danger
Who boaſt of grace, whereto they are but ſtrangers
But all who rightly knew thy ſoul, could ſay,
There's precious treaſure, though a ſtraightned way.
Nay, when Death ſeiz'd thee, and thy ſtrength was
What glorious matter preſt to have a vent! (ſpent

Anſ.

I muſt confeſs (though forth I could not bring)
My heart conceiv'd *rare matter* for the *King*,
But my conceits were ſhatter'd ſhort, and bare
Of ſuch high *matter*. Heavenly Royal, rare,
I could not ſpeak what I was apprehending,
Until my clouds, my ſtreights, and ſighs, were ending.

Margaret Trenick.

Anagram,

Make not grace retire.

IF this Saint's name, inverted thus, affords
Such choice variety of teaching words;
What would her nature, her new nature, yield;
Had we traverſed that ſweet-ſmelling field;
But ſince with gravity it was inclo'd
Not ſeeking entrance, muſt its profit loſ'd.
Such Boſom-friends as did that key acquire
Found deeply graven. *Make not Grace retire.*
Above the reſt, her yoke-fellow is left
To wail with bitterneſs as one bereft
Of a choice Jewel, whoſe rare vertues lay
In Boſome-ſtrengthning, through Chriſts hated way.
Her heavenly argument in ſecret dropt,
His fainting ſoul hath oft with courage propt.
When-he'r an hazards, ſtill did her deſire
Keep conſcience tender, *Make not grace retire.*
Conſult not wife and children, would ſhe ſay;
Though we beg with you, in the Kings-high way:
Betray not any truth what'ere 'twould get you,
Deſert no ſtation where the Lord hath ſet you.

Grea

ent ſufferings rather chooſe, then little ſin:
little ſpark may dreadful flames begin.
Set ſoveraign pleaſure in dominion higher:
Though nature ſtartle, *Make not grace retire.*
uch words of wiſdom, dropt in gracious cools,
peak louder than the cry that reigns with fools.
hen Husband ſlept, the pantings of her breaſt,
frequent travail, held her eyes from reſt.
or clearer ſcalings of her Father's love
er Sion's ſhowers, and ſhinings from above.
She durſt not grieve the Spirit, quench his fire,
Not make the leaſt true *grace of His retire.*
t laſt ſhe beſt appear'd on fiery teſts,
hen bonds, her Husband: Death, her ſelf arreſts.
ren ſtript of ſtrength, being forc't, her husband left
fall three ſons her Father had bereft her. (her,
hen friends ſtood trembling grace ſuch beams did
s raiſ'd with triumph fil'd with joy her heart. (dart
Theſe firſt-fruits of the Kingdom, let her higher
Than that the Tempter ſhould *make grace retire.*
weet ſoul! She now a glorious reſt obtains
rom all her outward pangs, her inward pains.
elation-dues ſhe long'd ſo to perform,
s griev'd to leave him in this diſmal ſtorm.
hey ceaſe to bind her: Theſe cares ended are;
o be with *Jeſus* ſhe finds better fare.
To ſuch rare patterns might my ſoul aſpire!
Not grieving Chriſt, *Not making grace retire.*

An Epitaph.

Give heed, Spectators; In this grave's involv'd
A coſtly Cabinet to be diſſolv'd;
With wondrous wiſdome richly rarely wrought,
And by great exerciſe, aptly brought
To lodge, ſubſerve, and openly to tender
A heavenly Jewel, this age rich to render.
But its new workmanſhip in worth did riſe it
To ſuch vaſt value; this World could not prize it.

They'd

They'd foiles indeed, to ſhade it wiſely ſet,
And on its outſide ſome diſtempers met;
On which the world did with contempt inſiſt,
Till their enriching Market-time they miſt.
So little knows this crooked generation
Their things for peace, or days of Viſitation;
Like them of old, cry, *Barrabas* ſet free,
Diſpatch the Heir, the Vineyard ours ſhall be.
But the great Owner marks not jealous eyes
This age's aptitude to ſlight, diſpiſe,
And ſcorn his tenders of the richeſt Gem,
Crown-Jewels, nay, the Royal Diadem;
And vext to ſee in this provoking world,
His precious treaſure baſely kick'd and hurl'd.
Determines, Earth's not worthy to contain
His royal retinue, his Princely train
Or theſe rich treaſures which they gladly bring,
And freely offer to endear their King.
In wrath he ſeems to ſpeak, My Saints, retire
To your ſtrong Tower, from my approaching Ire:
Come draw off from the gap, deſert the breach,
Let me and them alone; To pray, to preach,
Reprove, or witneſs in the gate's, a crime.
Prudent, keep ſilence, 'tis an evil time;
In Dens and Caves a remnant I will hide,
In Priſon-holes ſome precious ones ſhall bide;
Some from their Homes and Land diſpell'd ſhall be,
To bear a witneſs, and ſtand ground for me.
But, from your uſefulneſs to this vile age
More then to ſhew their ſin, diſcloſe their rage,
And aggravate their Judgment, I diſcharge you;
Yet in due Seaſon I'll again inlarge you.
Nay, ſtrange not, If I gather from your ſight
Some Gems of honour, Stones of great delight.
I break and hide my Cabinet in duſt,
Tranſfer my jewels where's no moth, nor ruſt;
With juſt mens ſouls in light to ſet them down,
A Conſtellation in a ſplendid Crown.

Till

Till Christ appear, his Jewels to collect,
To raise his dead, to change his quick elect;
Their spirits, souls, and bodies to translate
In blessed likeness to his raised state.
The King of glory swiftly thus dispos'd
Of our choice *Margaret*, not yet disclos'd
In her inriching worthiness to all,
Till, *Come up hither*, was her blessed Call.
Ah wretched age (must we in it remain?)
Which sins away such Jewels, to their gain,
But our loss irreparable; unless
The quickening Spirit from on high possess
The Remnant that is left, but scattered lie
About the graves, as bones exceeding dry.
Lord, Haste that Blessing which thy truth contains
Of its descending as the latter rains;
To usher in the glory of Thy Day,
Thy Kingdom come! Sweet Jesus, haste away!

In Memory of that Example of the grace and power of God, Caleb Vernon, *who departed this life, the* 29. *day of the* 9*th. Month*, 1665. *being aged twelve years, and six months.*

Caleb Vernon
Anagr.
Bore unclean,
Nue clean Robe.

Through Adam's *nature I unclean was bore,*
Through grace (*betimes*) *Christ's* nue clean Robe, *I wore.*

BY nature in my first estate,
A wretched babe was I;
In open field deserving hate,
In blood and filth did lie.
And in that state I did delight,
As in my sport and play;
And therein would with all my might,
Have wallowed night and day.

d though from groſs enormities,
I might by men be clear'd
et to my Maker's ſearching eyes
Defil'd I all appear'd.
hough nature with a pregnant wit,
And comelineſs adorn me;
nd education adds to it,
To teach, reſtrain, reform me:
hat prov'd it but deceiving paint
On which defiling ſin
did not kill, but lay reſtraint
Where outrage would begin.
A pleaſant picture to the eye
I hereby might appear;
y which to cloſſe-Idolatry:
Some might be drawn (I fear)
ut God, that faithful he might be
That deadly ſnare to break,
nd that right early unto me
He grace and peace might ſpeak:
ith tenderneſs on theſe intents
He ſtrips me of my vail;
y coſtly coverings all he rents
My countenance makes pale.
y comelineſs to rot he turns
My witty words to groans;
y moiſture up with drought he burns,
Diſcloſeth all my bones.
nd in a day of publick Ire
Me theſe rebukes did meet,
hen peſtilence as burning fire
ſlew thouſands at his feet.
who to bloſſome did begin,
With ſuch fair paint before;
ow as the early fruit of ſin
This character I wore.
eſpiſed Idol, broke to earth
A Potſheard no way fit,

To

To take up fire out of the hearth,
Or water from the pit.
But though, neer corruptible duſt,
This curious frame was brought,
By gracious pleaſure ſtay it muſt,
Till nobler work were wrought.
Till deep convictions of my ſin,
Till Jeſus form'd in me;
Till as my portion I begin,
The Lord's dear Chriſt to ſee.
Till all my ſins were done away,
Till terrours made me ceaſe;
Till heart and mind could ſweetly ſtay
In thought-ſurpaſſing peace.
Nay till in an accepted day,
My homage I could bring,
And in his inſtituted way,
Devote me to the King.
Till Chriſt put on, his works allow'd,
His dying marks imbrac'd,
His cauſe conſeſt, his works avow'd,
His ſufferings boldly fac'd.
His promiſe for a portion took,
Saints for companions choſe.
And on him plac'd a fixed look,
For future free diſpoſe.
Since then in an unuſual way
Rich Grace hath thus array'd me;
And in my young, yet dying-day,
With glory overlay'd me:
What properly ſhould I deſire,
But, now diſſolv'd to be:
And in this marriage-white Attire
My Bridegroom's face to ſee?
In *Kedar* who would not bemoan,
If there he muſt reſide.
Oh wretched man! Who would not groan,
In ſinful fleſh to bide?

Who'ld lodge in ſuch a naſty ſhade,
As torturing tottering ſtands,
That hath a pallace ready made
Not with polluted hands?
Where ſin, temptation, ſuffering, ſtriſe,
Shall fully be deſtroyed.
All-Dying, ſwallow'd up of Life,
And God at full injoy'd.
What ailes my Parent then to weep,
My friends to be diſmay'd?
Relations ſuch a doe to keep,
to ſee a Child unray'd?
Its filthy garments lay'd in duſt,
He lay'd, repoſe to take.
Untill the morning when he muſt,
With *Nue clean Robes* awake.
May this a witneſs be to truth
In this backſliding day,
A Cryſtall mirrour unto youth,
How to amend its way, *Amen.*

Verſes affixed to the Wall of the Priſon, at the *Guildhall* in *Plimouth*; where *A. C.* was detained a month, and thence ſent to the Iſland, the 27th. *Sept.* 1665.

NIgh four years ſince, ſent out from hence,
To *Exon* Goal was I,
But ſpecial Grace in three months ſpace,
wrought out my liberty.
Till *Bartholomew* in ſixty two,
that freedom did remain;
Then without bail to *Exon* Gail,
I hurried was again.
Where having layn, as doe the ſlain,
'Mong dead men wholly free;
Full three years ſpace, my native place.
by leave I come to ſee,
And thought not then, I here again,
A months reſtraint ſhould find,

Since

Since, to my Den, cast out from men,
I'm during life design'd.
But since my lines the Lord affigns,
In such a lot to be,
I kiss the rod, confess, my God
deals faithfully with me.
My charged crime, in his due time,
he fully will decide,
And until then, forgiving men,
In peace with him I bide.

On the beginning of his recovering from a great sickness, on the *Island* of *Plymouth*.

To his truly Sacred Majesty, the High and Mighty Potentate, King of kings, and Lord of lords, Prince of Life and peace, Heir of all things, and Head over all to the Church.

The humble prostrature, and thankful acknowledgment, of a poor Prisoner of hope, whose life upon all accompts hath been marvellously preserved, and delivered with a great Salvation from the pit of Corruption.

MOst glorious Soveraign to thy feet is brought,
The trembling Offspring of a contrite thought
By a poor Captive who attempts to raise,
An *Eben-ezer*, to his Saviours praise.
A lasting Pillar as in Conscience bound,
In due remembrance of choice favours found;
With Grace to succour in a needful hour,
From death's dominion, and the Tempter's power.
But when thy worm reflects what can it bring,
Comporting with the grandure of a King;
Of such bright Majesty, as Angels must
Their faces vail before, shall sinful dust
Have bold access, and kind acceptance meet
For self and service at thy burning feet?

May Hair; a Badgers-skin, a widows-mite,
From willing minds, find favour in thy sight;
A pair of Pigeons, or a turtle Dove,
Find kind construction from the God of love?
Is there more over-laid by the supply,
To help such weakness in infirmity?
A costly covering doth thy grace provide,
Their blemishes to vail, their spots to hide,
Who from their sense of need and duty bring,
Their lowly homage to their lofty King?
On such encouragements here trembling stands,
A contrite Waiter though with empty hands.
Whose bag and basket speak him to become,
More like a begger than a bringer-home,
Who though he aimes and longs in this address.
His utmost obligations to express,
To charge his conscience, and discharge his Vow,
Abandon other lords, to Jesus bow;
Yet finds in All, that, void of Royal Aid,
Nought worthy of thee can be thought or said.
Apart from Christ the best attempts (Alas,)
Are tinckling cymballs, and as sounding brass,
Such stately structures prove but Wood and Hay.
Pth Test and contest of that burning day,
These dear experiments so often Tri'd;
All boasting confidence from flesh must hide,
Of self-sufficiency in best attire,
To form that work, or breathe but that desire,
Or think that thought, that can in Justice claim,
One heavenly aspect on its act or Aim.
What then remains, thy worm must prostrate fall,
While sentence from thy presence past on all
Which self hath gloried in, or flesh hath gain'd,
With whatsoe'r to *Adam* appertain'd.
His Wisdom, Will, his Power, Delight, Desire,
Or what his Art, or Industry acquire;
His noblest faculties, acutest parts.
His liberal Sciences or rarest Arts.

Nay,

Nay his beſt righteouſneſs, his all in all,
Muſt be reſign'd, ſurrendred, left to fall,
Be ſentenc'd, Crucified, Diſpoil'd, Diſgrac'd,
And at the feet of conquering Jeſus plac'd;
That on its ruines, Goſpel grace may rear
A living pillar, Thy new-name to bear.

A Mourner's Mite, towards the right Remembrance of that late Labourer in the Goſpel, *Thomas Glaſs*, who reſted from his work on earth, the 30th day of the 7th Month, 1666.

MY heart with grief and pain is preſt,
As over-charged in my breſt:
Its ſtruglings of a divers kind,
Perplex and intricate my mind,
Confus'd entanglement appears,
Of ſence with faith, of hopes with fears.
Viciſſitudes of ups and downs,
Of ſmiles that interfere with frowns;
As twins that mutually contend.
To bring which conteſt to an end,
I thought it ill to keep them pent,
But in this order give them Vent.

Senſe. *O that my head were as a ſpringing Well,*
Mine eyes as rivers ſtreaming down with tears:
O that I in ſome wilderneſs did dwell,
Where none might mark my ſighs, my groans, my fears,
Where heart might break, for what is come to paſs,
By Gods freſh breach, on my dear looking-glaſs.

Faith. *Hold, hold thy peace, for ſhame, The Lord's at hand,*
Let moderation now to all appear,
Let faith for ſole ſubmiſſion give command,
Let perfect love checque ſuch tormenting fear,
Thy ſtanding's founded as on mount of braſs;
What mean ſuch outcries for a broken Glaſs.

Senſe.

Senſe. *If this my loſs were Perſonal alone,*
My ſin deſerves it, I ſhould bear ſuch ſtroakes;
But O, methinks I heard poor Zion groan,
'Gain'ſt me all day his Jealouſie thus Smoakes;
My walls are fallen, my gates are burnt alas,
My golden pillars are as broken Glaſs.

Faith. *Such ſwift ſevere diſpatches clad with wonder,*
Bring teaching leſſons to th'obedient care,
Who waiting in the ſecret place of thunder;
Attends with ſilence, reverence, godly fear,
At leaſt how ſojourners their time ſhould paſs,
That meaſures by a running ſhaking Glaſs.

Senſe. *Hark, hark, how Sion ſighs as put to ſhame,*
My children ſcatter'd, plague doth thouſands ſlay;
Poor London, undone with devouring flame,
Diſtreſt at land, and bloody wars at Sea.
My ſtrength is not of ſtone, nor fleſh of Braſs,
Why am I broke as Shreds, as abject Glaſs?

Faith. *But what's the cauſe in this confuſed noiſe,*
So few ſpeak right, few ſmite upon the thigh,
To get by heart the tabring Turtles voice,
What have I done? ah Maſter, Is it I?
Till ſuch reflects be made; expect (Alas!)
A toyling Milſtone for a Fixing Glaſs.

Senſe. *I captive ſit by Babel's rivers brink,*
My heart even broke, my harps on willows hang;
When on poor Sions ruins I bethink,
I cannot tune the Songs which once I ſang:
Her heavens are Iron, and her earth as braſs,
Her ſilver droſs, her diamonds as Glaſs.

Faith. *Such wordly ſorrow tends to death at length,*
Not to repentance; lye not on the ground,
Take Goſpel-Armour, gird thy loyns with ſtrength;
With ſearch, the troubling Achan *may be found.*
If grace prepare thee ſhooes of ſteel and braſs,
Thou mayſt ſtand harping on this Sea of Glaſs.

Senſe

Sense. *The Righteous perish, good men snatch'd away,*
The rest leave Captive! how am I bereft?
Most leave their Station, mighty men decay.
If any pleasant lecture yet be left,
Upon its comliness a wind doth pass
*Thus all my hopes dash as a crystal-*Glass.

Faith. *Those costly coverings likely did provoke,*
To burning jealousie when over-priz'd;
And must be dasht by a displeasing stroak,
As Moses's *Serpent when 'twas Idoliz'd:*
If that was stampt-on as a piece of brass,
No marvel 'tis so with a beauteous Glass.

Sense. *Have pitty (saith she) while I thus bemoan*
My sin's remembred, and my Son is slain;
More natural to care for me was none:
How can such losses be repair'd again?
Who'l sow and send the feet of Oxe and Ass
Besides all waters, as did painful Glass.

Faith. *Take heed, take heed, lest flesh be too much ey'd*
In what th' Anointing only can repair;
Broke Sycamores by Oaks may be supplied:
Faln bricks by stones too makes a Building fair;
But by such patching 'twill be worse alass,
New generous wine will break old Shop-worn Glass.

Sense. *Alas, who then shall live when God appears,*
Who can the taste of such refining bear?
When Fire and Furnace he in Sion *rears;*
Sinners in Sion *must be fill'd with fear.*
His eyes as flames, his feet as burning brass,
Will melt hard Adamants as fluid Glass.

Faith. *The Fire indeed is hot, the breach is large,*
But he sits by to do us, make us good;
If one hair fall not but with special charge;
If Lillies, Sparrows, have their paint and food;
If God takes care of Oxen, Birds, and grass;
He's more concern'd in his dear precious Glass.

Sense

Senſe. *Ah that both Saints and Sinners could lament,*
In Town and Country, where this Glaſs *did run;*
The Golden hours they fooliſhly miſpent:
Ere this his Generation-work was done.
Had we an Hiram, *skil'd to work in braſs,*
Jacin *and* Boaz *might be rear'd for* Glaſs,

Faith. *True, he was ſick and ſleepy, whom Jeſus lov'd,*
But they who ſleep ſo, ſhall do well at length;
They reſt from labours, are from ſin remov'd,
Weep not; he's gon but to renew his ſtrength:
We face to face ſhall ſee him; for, alaſs,
We ſaw but darkly, through that fractur'd Glaſs.

Senſe. *Muſt I be ſtript then of my choice attire?*
To offer Iſaac, *is an heavy tryal;*
Muſt I be ſeaſon'd thus with ſalt and fire?
How hard a leſſon is this ſelf-denial?
My nail's remov'd, its weight is fall'n, alaſs,
Cups, Flaggons great and ſmall, all break as Glaſs.

Faith. *Take heed of murmuring when God comes down*
To bind up Jewels that on earth he findes,
To raiſe and fix them in a glorious crown:
He calls for chearful gifts from willing-minds.
When he would have a laver made of Braſs,
Mark how each daughter offer'd up her Glaſs.

Senſe. *Theſe are hard ſayings; deep to deep doth call;*
My fleſh begins to fail, my heart to ſink;
Tis hard to feed on vinegar and gall,
To eat of aſhes, and with tears to drink:
From me, if it were poſſible, let paſs
Such deadly draughts, mixt in a breaking Glaſs.

Faith. *Ceaſe* Rachel's *weeping, hope is in thine end;*
Thy Children to their border God will bring.
He'l Plead thy cauſe, thy right he will defend,
Then Kedars *dwellers and the rocks, ſhall ſing;*
Thy countenance that black, and ſcorched was,
Shall ſhine in brightneſs like tranſparent Glaſs.

An

An Anagram and Elegy, on his dear deceased friend, *John Vernon*; who having served his Generation by the will of God, fell asleep the twenty ninth day of the third Month, *vulg.* called *May.* 1667.

For, Christ was hunted, griev'd, disgrac'd,
With Christ, is In New Honor *plac'd.*

I.

COme *Sions* Mourners, men of holy skill
For lamentation, in the Ashes lie;
Come skilful mourning Women, weep your fill,
Take up a wailing, help to raise the cry,
Till from our eyes, like Rivers, tears run down,
Though *in nue honor*, we have lost our Crown.

II.

Iniquities do more and more abound,
Thy that were filthy, will be filthy still.
Heaven-daring sins without controle are found;
With wickedness how doth the Ephah fill!
Saints! fill your Bottle with repenting tears,
Then *in nue honor* quickly God appears.

III.

A fixed Series of rebukes of late,
Like Wave on Wave, discovers dirt and mire,
In persons, Families, in Church and State,
No stone in *Sion* but is tried by fire.
All old Creation things with trembling mixt.
Nought stands but what is *in nue honor* fixt,

IV.

Amongst other warnings of a dreadful day
Approaching on the remnant that are left;
The Righteous fail, the best men caught away;
Of sense and feeling seem the rest bereft,
How swift the ruines of this old World haste,
Whilst *in nue honor* Saints so swift are plac'd.

Whilst

V.

Amidst these troops of fiery Chariots prest,
The Royal Offspring home to bring with speed;
My heart is pain'd to undergo the test,
Of parting with this *Israelite* indeed.
Yet when I think how many are debasing,
I durst not grudge him *in true honour* placing.

VI.

But who in such a stormy Wind can part
With such a Father, such a Friend indeed,
And not cry out in bitterness of heart,
A double share I of thy Spirit need?
Though carnal *Israel*, *Israels*-troubler calls thee,
Yet *in true honour Israels*-God install thee.

VII.

Poor *England* little thinks, doth less bewail,
Its Chariots and best Horse-men troop away
When Witnesses and loud Reprovers fail,
Our grand Tormenters are dispach'd say they.
In open streets expos'd to scorn such lie,
Ere *in true honour* they be rais'd on high.

VIII.

What though (dear Soul) thy worth hath not appear'
But black among the potsherds thou hast lien,
Thy visage mar'd, thy beauty been besmear'd,
By mingling *Sions* Dust with tears of thine.
That dust is wash't, those tears are wip'd away,
Since *in true honour* thou art cal'd to stay.

IX.

Earth was not worthy of thee, could not bear thee,
Prophane and loose Professors far'd alike;
Thy words and walks did make them fret or fear the
'Gainst those defilements thou wert bent to strike.
In base Complyances thou dread'st to bow,
Wert then in shame, art *in true honour* now.

X.

Ah, what a troop of weepers I descry
Of Widows, Fatherless, Sick, Prisoners, sad,

P

Poor, Exiles, Desolate, condemn'd to die,
Shewing how they by thee were chear'd and clad.
Our loss, weep they, will scarce repaired be
Till *in nue bonor* we meet Christ with thee.

XI.

Among the Flock of Slaughter, clad with dust,
Thro' sympathy in Spirit oft am I;
But with *Job*'s Comforters sit mute I must
Since grief amounts to such extremity:
His indignation, having sinn'd, let's bear,
Till *in nue bonor* he our breach repair.

XII.

A remnant 'mongst the rest I spy,
Of Mourners mark'd and seal'd in front and hands;
Whom carnal Brethren casting out, do cry
Where is now your God? our Mount unshaken stands.
But to their shame he will appear at last,
When *in nue bonor* are markt Mourners plac't.

XIII.

For his blest chastned Houshold, left with God,
The pregnant Widow, and her hopeful Seed.
Friends, Servants, Sojourners, that feel this Rod,
My flesh doth tremble, and my heart doth bleed.
Through right to Christ, raised from the dead,
Ye *in nue bonor* have a better head.

XIV.

Among these mourners should I strive to sing,
Like Vinegar on Nitre it would seem;
If to their Sorrows I more weight should bring,
A woful Comforter they'l me esteem.
Haste to thy Mountain (Soul) with mourning Wings,
Till *in nue bonor* light from darkness springs.

XV.

But, ah poor sinners! when will ye be wise?
They're gone who did disturb your carnal peace.
But sins abiding, stones shall cry, and rise,
Rather than Gods contest with you shall cease.

With Names his Controverſie he'l renew,
If *in nue honor* ye no right purſue.

XVI.

His Prophets he no longer now imploys,
His ſlighted, ſcorn'd Ambaſſadors withdraws;
But with Heaven-ſhaking, Earth-affrighting noiſe,
As if ſeven Thunders ſpake, he pleads his Cauſe.
Stout Sinners! gird your loins, deciſions nigh;
Saints! to your Fortreſs *in nue honor* fly.

XVII.

Back ſliding *England*, once profeſſing high,
Now turning *Egypt*-ward in ſpite of wrath;
Thy Oaths, baſe crouchings, deep Apoſtacy,
To ſins and vengeance floodgates opened hath.
Turn, turn at Gods reproof, break off thy ſin,
Elſe ne'er expect *nue honor* ſtepping *in*.

XVIII.

Yet hope's in *Iſreal* ſtill, though fleſh hath none;
A ſhelter from the Storm have Saints provided,
When deſolate expos'd, left moſt alone,
They by Gods Eye and Counſel ſhall be guided:
When deſolations at their height begin,
Such Earthquakes uſher their *nue honors in*.

XIX.

Then mourning, trembling *Sionites* attend,
Though heart and hand grow faint, lift up your head.
The Achan ſearch, the breach and gap defend,
Twixt Porch and Altar ſtand, twixt quick and dead.
Peace may be made (perhaps) a Pardon had,
And plowed Sion *in nue honor* clad.

XX.

Nay, though this Age muſt needs be ſwept away,
That *Noahs*, *Daniels*, *Jobs* find no regard;
Decrees be ſeal'd, and men have loſt their day,
Yet ſhall your faithful work have full reward.
Th' *Aſſyrians* floods your peace ſhall not annoy,
Ye *in nue honor* ſhall your God enjoy.

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FINIS.